PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 1. No. 10. 5s.

roger vadim and the new morality • protest song; an epitaph • the batman cometh • eat drink and be merry • prof. p. j. honey on vietnam • soho strip

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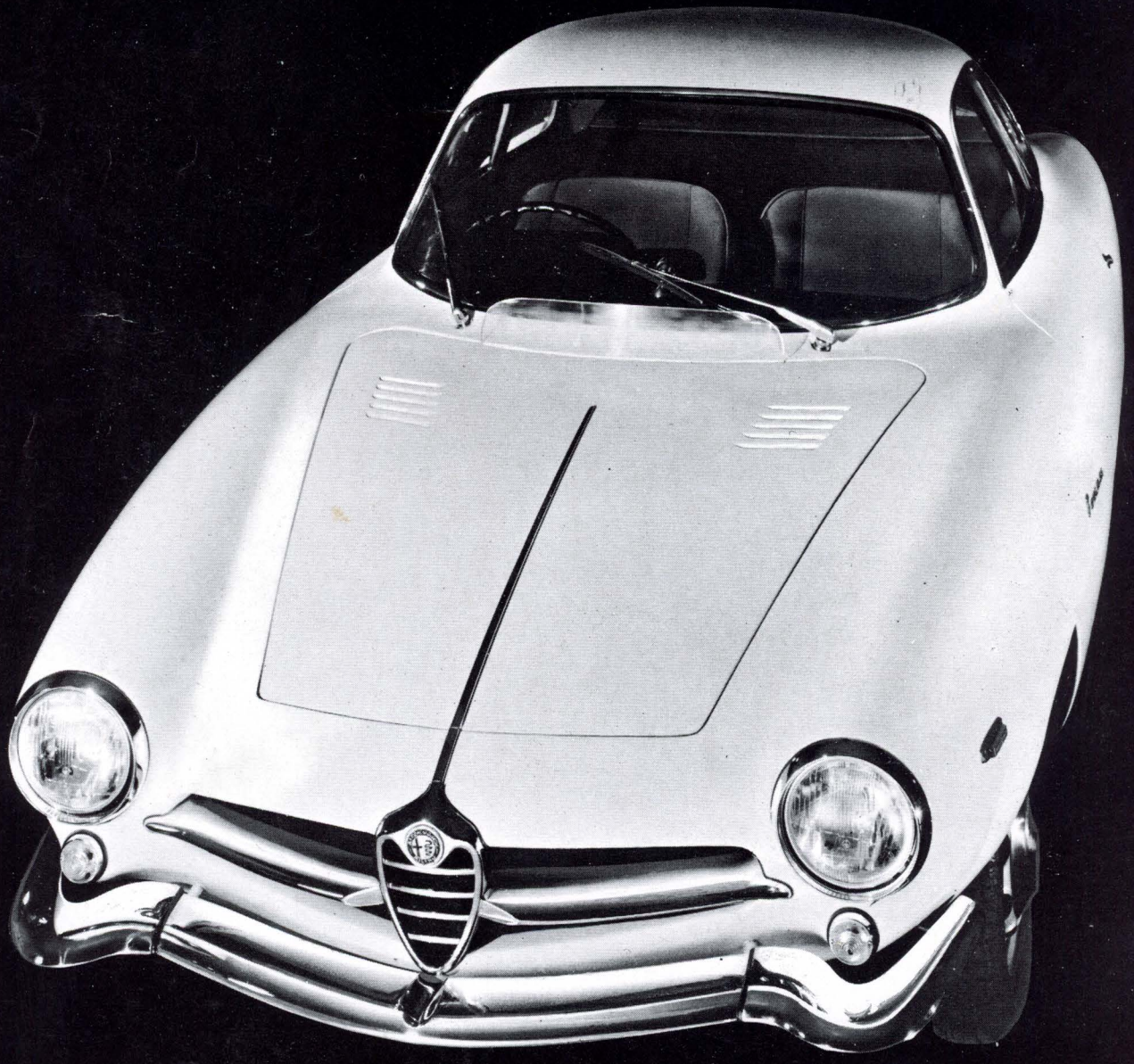

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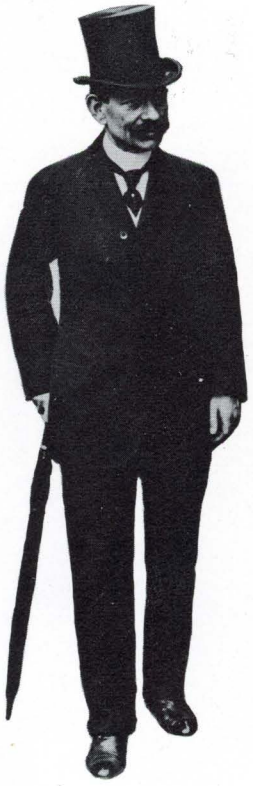

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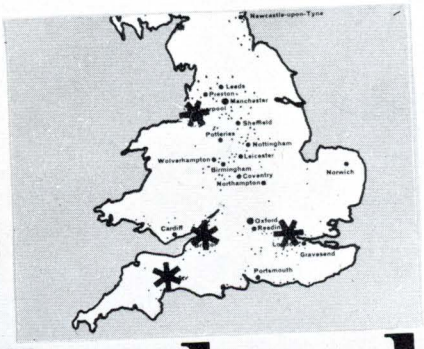
Where will the sniffers strike next?

Outbreak of Cedar Wood sniffing hits England



An alert passer-by snapped this shot of the attack. *"I can't wait for it to happen again", says Victim Clarke.*

EYE-WITNESS reports from all over England reveal that hordes of beautiful women have been seen leaping out at unsuspecting men and *sniffing* them.

Clue

What is causing this wave of sniffing? Authorities believe they have a significant clue. All the men involved in sniffing incidents admitted wearing Cedar Wood After Shave lotion at the time of the attacks.

Victim

One of the sniffers' victims, 29 year old Tony Clarke, told our reporter:

"I heard running footsteps behind me, and a woman's voice shouted "Wait! Give me a sniff!" Before I knew it, this lovely bird had her arms round my neck and started sniffing me. Just then, a policeman came and dragged her away. I could have hit him."

A. Clarke

Secret

An official spokesman for Cedar Wood explained the secret of its remarkable effect on women:

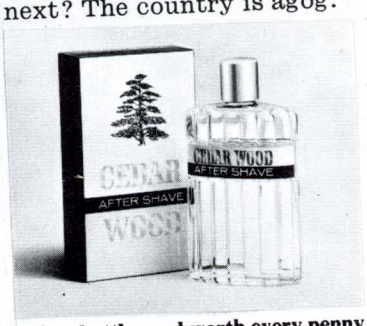
"Cedar Wood is a blend of 15 subtle essences. Men hardly notice it, but women seem to pick it up from miles away."

Devastating

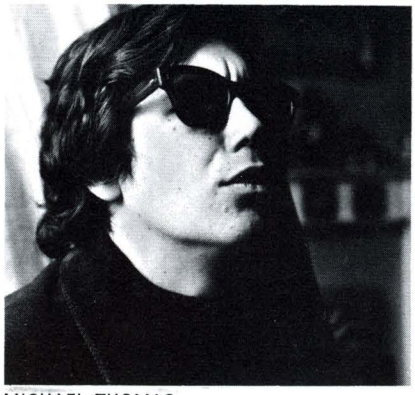
Investigation reveals that the After Shave is one of many Cedar Wood products. The others: Cologne (7/-), Talc (4/9), Shaving Bowl (11/-), Refill (5/-), Hair Cream (5/9), Refill (3/9), Pre-electric (6/-), Brushless Cream (3/6), Hair Groom (8/6) and Deodorant Stick (6/6). All are thought to have the same devastating effects on women.

Banned?

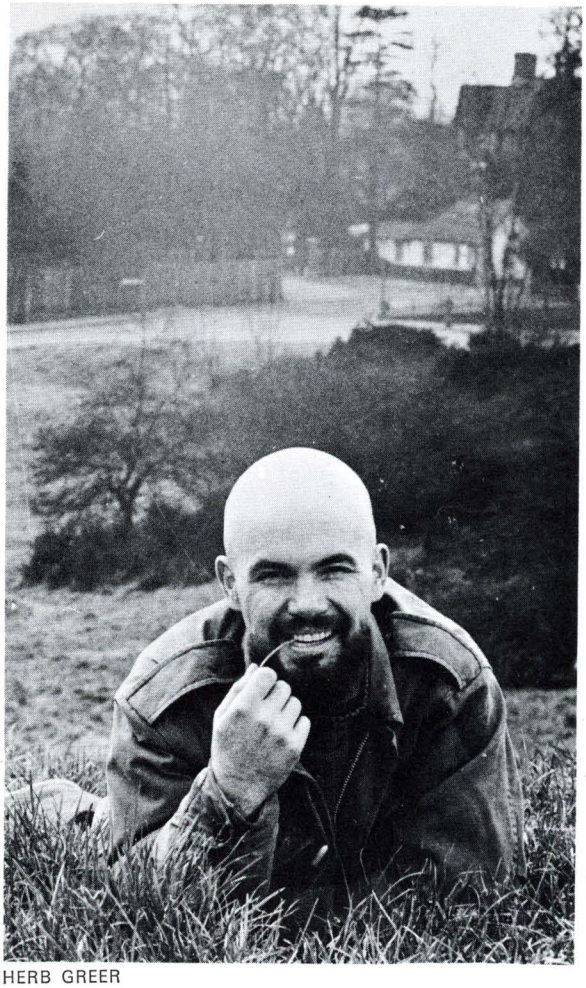
Should Cedar Wood be banned? That is the question being whispered in the corridors of power. Meanwhile, the sniffing continues. Where will the sniffers strike next? The country is agog.



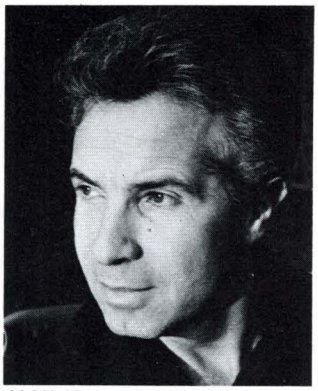
6/- a bottle, and worth every penny



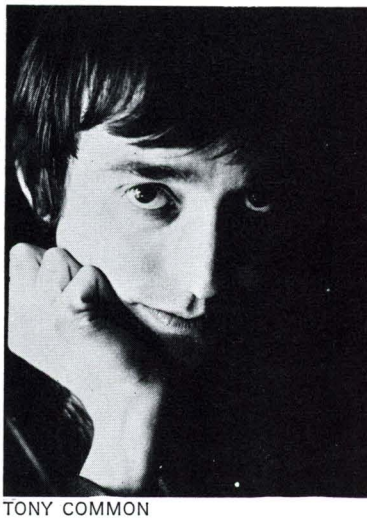
MICHAEL THOMAS



HERB GREER



ALAN MANFREID



TONY COMMON

HOUSECALL

FOR READER, JOURNALIST AND DILETTANTE alike, this issue of PENTHOUSE contains a thoroughbred string of delights, fun and variations. Beginning with our cover . . . for this an expensive and rarely used six-colour process was employed to achieve the particular balance and density of colour between the word PENTHOUSE, the deep brown frame and the four-colour half-tone picture. Additional horsepower was of course provided by our charming, well groomed and decidedly bare back *Pet-of-the-Mount*, **Miss Terry Booth.**

Further equine delights may be found in **Tony Common's** superbly sensitive illustration of an enchanted horse on page 22. Common's uncommon contribution was taken from his portfolio of sample illustrations and retained until suitable editorial could be woven around it. Since nothing of a horsy nature presented itself we dipped into our own stable of attendant fictioneers and commissioned **Walter Harris** to harness Common's steed. The result is *Takeover*, a tale typical of the now celebrated Harris ability to perceive the vanishing point between reality and illusion.

Illusion of another sort is promulgated in **Melton Davis's** inside view of *Roger Vadim And The New Morality*. Vadim, who currently enjoys the redoubtable status of France's most articulate prophet of modern-day amorality, discusses sexual liberty, the obsolescence of marriage and the practical need for a community of unrestrained free love. Melt will be remembered for last month's outstanding biographical study of Maurice Girodias in *The Man in the Plain Brown Wrapper*.

Michael Thomas, the angry young Australian critic of the musical fads and fancies that infest and oft-times infuriate our age, protests at the exploitation and dwindling prestige of folk music. *Protest Song: An Epitaph* is Thomas's personal denunciation of the musical edge of our cultural explosion that goes "Pop" before it peters out altogether.

Resident author, researcher and contributing editor **Herb Greer** heralds the further intrusion of a highly specialized and more fiendishly marketable aspect of Pop in *The Batman Cometh*. Herb's parallel between Batman's need to feed on the nation's economic blood and his Transylvanian predecessor's appetite for similar sustenance of a more personal kind is food for thought indeed.

Ringing the bell on religion and its deeper socio-sexual implications in *Religion And Its Sexual Origins*, **Alan Hull Walton** examines several aspects of the historic inter-relationship which has served man's needs on all levels of his physical and spiritual being.

Replacing spiritual with perhaps more socially practical values, London University's combative **Professor P. J. Honey** discusses the explosive issues of Vietnam and the tenuous Anglo-American position in this month's *Penthouse Interview*. Because of Honey's authoritative knowledge and experience in South-East Asian affairs, he has been consulted repeatedly by the U.S. and other Western powers.

Digging deeper into the pot, culinary kudos go to nutritionist **Alan Manfreid** for reporting on a diet that's catching on fast—it's the first authoritative diet that allows us to eat all the butter, fatty meats and whipped cream we like while the pounds drip away. *Eat, Drink And Be Merry* comes as a revelation to waist-watchers and food-fanciers alike and—Manfreid assures us—puts the lid on calorie-counting diets once and for all.

Not to lose trace of our editorial equinibrium, this month's fashion has all the trappings of a horse opera without benefit of the beast in question. Film and television star **David Buck** recreates something of the wild and woolly, suede and buckskin west in **Mike Ward's** straight shootin' fashion forecast, *The Westerner*.

Further goodies are amply supplied in **Richard Stirling's** pictorial uncoverage of the *Anatomy of Strip*, an eight-page sportfolio of fun in the footlights or 'where to dawdle after dark.' **Nicolas Rieba** takes a noshtalgic look at some of London's picturesque newer eateries, and **Jonathan Clements** draws another moral for our times in his unlikely setting for *The Goat In The Supermarket*. The *Penthouse Forum*, judging by the ever-increasing weight of correspondence, continues to occupy prime time in readership interest, and our perennial boast that the Forum provides the only completely uncensored and uncensorable area of free expression in British journalism remains unchallenged.

Once again we bid ye seek and ye shall find . . . other goodies, pix and patter of an entertaining and informative sort abound within . . . why not help thyself.

PENTHOUSE

The Magazine For Men

Vol. 1. No. 10.

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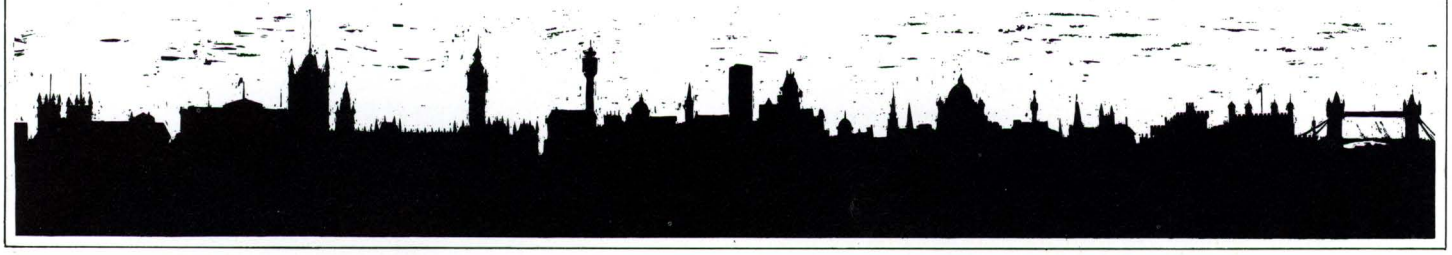
VIEW FROM THE TOP



A phrase in a newspaper article makes a succinct postscript to a couple of PENTHOUSE pieces. We're thinking of the Sheldon Williams' survey of censorship, and of the biographical article on Maurice Girodias, "*The man in the plain brown wrapper.*" Both appeared in PENTHOUSE NO. 9. Since then Girodias has come to England to set up in business, an event that prompted the *Daily Express* to publish an article by him. Girodias had this comment on censors:

"What makes them tick? Sex makes them tick. Nothing else. Would they want to ban such themes in literature as violence, theft, corruption or dishonesty? Not at all. They only want to ban sex."

We couldn't have put it better ourselves.

The hero in fiction can be a murderer, a swindler, a white-slaver, a traitor or an incorrigible dipsomaniac—and not an eyebrow will be raised. But make him a sexual adventurer, let alone a pervert, and out come the blue pencils.

Look at the new Truman Capote book on the Cutler murders in America. *In Cold Blood* reconstructs in painstaking and exhaustive detail the background, habits, and motives of the two murderers, and it spares nothing of the ghastly details of the actual killings. The book tops the best-sellers in the States and it's going a bomb here too. So far nobody has questioned the propriety of dwelling on the mechanics of murder in a book meant for popular reading. Nobody has said: "Is this too frank?" No bookseller has gone in for soul-searching about whether his business ethics would be offended by selling the book.

Naturally we're not suggesting it should be otherwise. PENTHOUSE would be the last to come out for busybody restrictions. We stand for free expression and open discussion. But isn't it odd that murder should be thought a fit subject for unlimited public probing, while a taboo lingers on the sort of subjects that readers discuss in PENTHOUSE FORUM?

Everybody knows that these are subjects of far more urgent relevance to ordinary people than violent death. Men and women discuss them in private, and always have done so. But where else do you find them discussed in print, except in PENTHOUSE? Our Forum is the only medium in the press for unrestricted discussion—which explains the immense response it gets from grateful readers.

The obsession with censoring sex has produced an incredible climate of ignorance about human emotions, which only liberal discussion can cure. An arresting illustration of this was given by Dr Alex Comfort in reviewing *Human Sexual Response*, the monumental book on research into sexual intercourse (by William Masters and Virginia Johnson—Little, Brown 70s.). Until now, wrote Comfort in the *New Statesman*, less was known about copulation and its physiology in humans than in cattle or pigs. Doctors trying to treat patients suffering from sexual difficulties had nothing to go on but hearsay and their own personal experience!

Go To Sleep On An Egg

The latest of the switched-on advertisers turns out to be, of all unlikely people, the hitherto staid Egg Marketing Board; and, surprise! they've enlisted Chicks, nimbly nubile and fluffy, to help win the cause of the little lion brigade. At the ghastly hour of eight o'clock, according to the advertisements, these intrepid dollies, suitably garbed in yellow woolly jumpers, orange tights and plastic claws, will come a-strumming on our unsuspecting doors.

And that's not all. Perchance we are noshing an egg for breakfast, these Chicks will give us a £1 Premium Bond and, we suppose, a delighted cheep or two. It's all too much. At least it will be for some of the hardboiled egg-addicts we know; all that golden femininity, cheeping lustfully upon their own doorsteps, is bound to lead them astray. We feel deeply for their impending ruin. Picture the scene: a secluded detached house in the leafy wilderness of Balham, wherein lives a certain Hector Dacron, womanizer of long experience as well as being solidly hooked on eggs, any eggs, let alone those oval delicacies sanctioned by the Egg Marketing Board. At eight o'clock one starry morning the doorbell rings and Hector bounds up in a frightened tangle and flings open the door—

CHICK: Good morning, sir! I am your special sunshine-breakfast chick!

HECTOR: Odds bodds, am I dreaming?

CHICK: Oh no, this is the real thing. I was sent by the Egg Marketing Board to check up on your breakfast habits. Tell me, how do you like your eggs in the morning?

HECTOR (*opening an eye and leering*): Out of their shells, sweet thing. Come into the kitchen and I'll show you my poacher. . . .

CHICK: Well, I shouldn't, really; you see the chief Chicken, Albert Mossgrove, said we weren't to—

HECTOR (*scooping the Chick into his arms*): Nuts to Mossgrove! He just wants you for himself. Come, let's fry.

(*Hector carries the Chick through into the kitchen, lays a kiss upon her ruby red beak, murmurs sweet nothings into her crop, and attempts to unzip her fluffy yellow woolly.*)

CHICK: Unhand me! I'm Egg Marketing Board property!

HECTOR: Ah, come on, just a little peck. . . .

CHICK: Please, I'm just not *programmed* that way. Now about the eggs. You're supposed to be eating an egg for breakfast or you won't get a £1 Premium Bond.

HECTOR: Yes, the eggs, now where are they?

(*In desperation, Hector rummages through the fridge, then turns out all the cupboards and drawers. He fails to find a single egg.*)

HECTOR: I don't suppose you could *lay* one for me?

CHICK: You must be joking!

HECTOR (*yielding to a sudden inspiration*): The bedroom! That's where I keep the eggs, in the bedroom. Race you there. . . .

(*Hector follows the squawking Chick up the stairs, giving her a helping shove now and then, till they reach the bedroom.*)

CHICK: Well, where are the eggs? /*continued*

HECTOR: In the bed. You look down the bottom and I'll look down the top.
(*They both burrow under the sheets in their mad search for eggs and meet in the middle of the bed.*)
HECTOR (*soothingly*): At last we are alone.
CHICK: Please, Mr Dacron, the other Chicks will be waiting for me. . . . Oh, Mr *Dacron*. . . .
(*Not a word is spoken for* 10 *minutes. Then from the bed crawl the early morning sinners. Just as they reach the door, Hector turns and points at the bed.*)
HECTOR: Look—you laid an egg!
CHICK (*blushing*): That's what I like about incubation. Comes in handy now and then, don't you think?
(*Joyfully, Hector gathers the egg, takes it to the kitchen, fries it, then eats it, all in full view of the Chick. With a smile and a cheep she pats him on the back and presents him with the* £1 *Premium Bond. Then with a flutter of wings she flies away to carry on the good work. In a daze, Hector presses the Premium Bond to his chest, staggers upstairs and falls into bed again, convinced that he dreamed the whole glorious episode.*)

Brontë Rides Again

"Ostensibly arguing against the theory that Bramwell Brontë wrote *Wuthering Heights*, one contributor to the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence says that he could never have written a novel, because of his drunkenness, instability, lack of stamina and self-discipline, and general weakness of character." *Punch*

Sounds like a natural.

Jazz On A Summer's Night

For those ardent lovers of poetry set to jazz, a wander through Regent's Park in late August should prove to be spiritually rewarding. For the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre, led by the intrepid David Conville, is kicking away the usual brass-band traces to put on a programme of poetry, ranging from Shakespeare and Milton all the way down to T. S. Eliot; backed by some of the leading jazz groups in Britain, the latter being chosen by Benny Green. For once culture will be at the mercy of those unpredictable English skies. And speaking of trouble, we hope Benny Green chooses jazz musicians who aren't prone to hay fever. Regent's Park has the highest pollen rating in London.

Look Mum—No Son!

"When you took your children to the Museum Of Natural History, remember how thrilled they were to see even the smallest animals so perfectly preserved? With one of our special beginner's kits they can learn to embalm themselves."
Advertisement in Esquire

At last—the teenage problem solved.

Fly Now, Pray Later

"Twenty-six housewives started a course on witchcraft at Codsall Wood, near Wolverhampton, yesterday. The lessons—for women only—are sponsored by Staffordshire County Council."—*The People.*
But they have to provide their own broomsticks.

Smutty Stories Department

"Scotland Yard is searching for more space in which to store its embarrassingly large stock of obscene books and pictures, and H.M. Customs is forbidden to burn any more obscene books because they were breaking the rules of a smokeless zone by making black smoke."
The Guardian

Suggestions on a postcard, please, to . . .

Boys and Girls Together

There were muttered whisperings and suspicious looks as the party realised that the "woman" in a green dress was a man.

An even bigger surprise followed when they recognised their uninvited guest—it was their vicar, the Rev. John Brumwell.

The 32-year-old Anglican minister had borrowed his wife's clothes to join the outing after the mothers had told him: "You can't go. It's for women only."—*The Sun.*

We've heard of the Oedipus complex but this is ridiculous!

The Protection Racket

"Searched in St Anne's Court, Soho, at 11 p.m. by two policewomen, a 17-year-old mother's help had on her a long slim sheath knife. She said: 'I carry it sometimes to sharpen my pencil and sometimes to defend my honour'."
Evening News

Amounts to the same thing.

Stuck Up

Among the more interesting of this country's minor rebellions is the phenomena of car-stickers. Nobody (in their right mind, that is) seems to know how it all began, this odd habit of pasting mottoes on the back windows of cars, but the slogan MARPLES MUST GO seems to ring a nostalgic bell or two. Since then the habit, like a true drug, has advanced, becoming more complex and obscure with the passing of time. Nowadays we have more sophisticated statements floating by, such as MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE and RHUBARB MAKES YOU STERILE. One theory, more ridiculous than the rest, suggests that these stickers are just bits of a huge novel of our times, surreptitiously circulated by Victor Gollancz—when eventually they're assembled they'll read like *War And Peace*. Perhaps, perhaps. Come to think of it, Tolstoy's classic novel might well have started out as a series of carriage-stickers, jolting madly across the headlands of Omsk, for all we know. Imagine . . . DOSTOIEVSKY MUST GO or TURGENEV IS A FAIRY . . . anything is possible. Which leads us to the Bible—now how did that get off the ground, for God's sake? *Camel*-stickers? IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS HEMP? The mind-sticker boggles.

Theatre

The most evocative moments of **The Voysey Inheritance** came during the dim intervals between scenes at the Royal Court. The mood was unusual for that theatre. No tension, no turgid reverence, no muttered undertones of puzzlement, no self-conscious, self-congratulating smirks in the audience. Instead, an idle current of pleasant chatter rippled along the rows. Trivial fiddle music in the background eased the atmosphere. Chuckles and little jets of laughter broke the general murmur, and one felt the laughter as part of the conversation rather than delayed reaction to the play. For a few moments an illusion of Edwardian repose filled the theatre.

When the curtain went up the illusion vanished. We were in 1966, all right. Not that the playing was tortured or self-conscious or *significant*. It was just very, very good. The solid reality of the actors and the parts they played wiped away the brief fog of nostalgia.

Even if they had wanted to be portentous, it would have been hard with Harley Granville-Barker's play. The thin story of a solicitor who passes on to his son a financial can of worms created by speculation with client's trust money—well, even with the son's very stagy moral scruples, it's not powerful stuff. It can be exciting in a way if the actor playing the son shows steel to match his father's roguish charm. Unfortunately that didn't happen in this production. John Castle, who played the son, is an appealing but pallid young man on stage. When the son's fiancée, at the end of the play, tells him that he is X number of times the man his father was (five, I think), we politely do not believe her. If John Castle would rid himself of a certain weepiness which somehow invades his playing, he'd be a very interesting and maybe even exciting young actor.

For the others—many of them are frittered on the frillish small parts that decorate the plot. But Avril Elgar is not; she's splendid. So are Sebastian Shaw, Victor Henry, George Howe and Gwen Nelson. Jeffrey Wickham is noisy and very much present as the officer-son of the Voysey Family, but he'd improve with less harshness in his shouting. Joseph Grieg is a good, little, huffy solicitor's clerk.

Despite the excellent playing (not helped much by the production), the script could stand some chopping, especially in the last act. But most of the puzzling and ghastly occurrences on the Royal Court Stage are traceable to sources behind the scenes. If the quality of its production and choice of plays ever begins to approach the timbre of the company's actors, the Royal Court will be a phenomenon.

On The Level, which Brian Epstein and Martin Landau admit presenting at the Saville Theatre, is a triumph of charm and vivacity over material that can be politely described as hogwash.

The virtues of the show are quickly noted. The choruses are peopled with bright, handsome kids who can dance well and sing a little. As Eamonn Andrews has already shown half the country, Sheila White, with her little show-stopper, stands out among them. The leads are by turn pleasant, thin, energetic and lugubrious—excepting very notably Phyllida Law. This marvellous woman, if she had been given any material even remotely describable as decent, would almost surely have walked away with the show. She is powerful in presence and very, very funny. May she have better luck with her next set of authors, producers and directors.

Which brings us to the villains of the piece. If well-made musical comedies had not been imported into this country from America, France, and elsewhere for a number of years, there might be some excuse for the remarkable shoddiness of this show. On the other hand, it would probably not exist at all, so heavily does the music echo (variously): Burt Bacharach, Marguerite Monnot, Leonard Bernstein, Jules Styne, Julian Slade, and others whom, in the slough of boredom, I failed to identify. The composer has a terrifying habit of repeating a song figure over and over and over and over again in the course of a number, perhaps changing key once only, and totally failing to provide any musical contrast or development. Musical comedy has progressed so far beyond such schoolboy primitivism that this Australian's wild colonial score is naked of any excuse at all.

The lyrics, when they were audible (not often), brought to mind Voltaire's famous crack about opera: when a thing is too silly to say, then it is sung. Strained rhyming, lack of shape and direction, bad puns, vagueness (the most damaging quality of all), and just plain amateurish writing, to name about half their faults, invalidated the songs. An occasional bright moment only served to adumbrate the appalling quality

of almost everything else.

The script, I repeat, can be politely described as hogwash. Not unusual in a musical comedy, but one hopes that the hogwash will at least be funny. This isn't.

The dancing differs from good musical comedy choreography in that its abstract movements lack any connection with the subject of any particular number. Agnes DeMille might never have existed, if one were to judge from Malcolm Clarke's work in this show.

Will *On The Level* run? The English have a probably deserved reputation for tin ears and tolerance. Given a bright surface, which the dancers and chorus of this show provide, they tend to put up with almost anything. If it does run one can at least reflect that a bright surface and a good performance like Miss Law's, are better than nothing.

A curiously mistaken idea about Liberals exists in the minds of at least two young playwrights in London. The playwrights are Edward Bond and John McGrath. McGrath's **Events While Guarding The Bofors Gun,** which opened last month at the Hampstead Theatre Club, had nothing like the public whoopee that Bond's *Saved,* undeservedly, received. But this work is very parallel to Bond's. For one thing, the ambience is similar—a guardroom inhabited by childish, brutal soldiers—just as Bond's South London was inhabited by childish, irresponsible, brutal yobs. And in both plays the writer presents what purports to be a liberal—and what is not a liberal at all, but a spineless, passive, anxiety-ridden git. Where in such a character do Bond and McGrath imagine they find a liberal frame of mind? God knows. The plots of the two plays have odd similarities, too. In each case the spineless git is faced with violent temperaments which he cannot control, and in each case a relatively innocent yob has to suffer because of someone else's misdeed.

McGrath does have one big advantage over Bond as a writer. He shows a certain amount of insight and sympathy for his characters, particularly for a semi-psychotic Irishman. The few moments when the play becomes interesting are due to the Irishman, including a lovely bit when he describes the devil, humpback and all, "interfering" with livestock. Finally, however, the Irishman and the playwright collapse together. The former commits suicide after an embarrassing, silly, and dramatically irrelevant peroration about lives wasted guarding obsolete weapons. Mr McGrath is a television writer. The rusty-sword craftmanship of this piece shows it. The story concerns the aforementioned git's efforts to mount a night's guard on a Bofors gun, so that he can go home the following day and be an officer. Being spineless and lumbered with the aforementioned goof-offs and the Irish nut for his detail, he naturally fails. The worst failure in this thing is the arrangement of the characters, which totally destroys any sense of surprise, i.e. drama. Maybe Mr McGrath will do better next time. Good luck to him.

Films

Morgan—a Suitable Case for Treatment is a new film about a neurotic young prole who can't bear to give up the rich young thing who divorces him. After a series of picaresque capers which include attending the lady's second-wedding reception in a gorilla suit and placing a bomb under her bed, Morgan cracks up and is sent to what is nicely called an institution. We last see him puttering about in a hammer and sickle-shaped flower bed.

David Warner's gawky frame, just holding up a little-eyed homely shovel face, incarnates Morgan wonderfully. He inspires just enough sympathy to give the mad pranks an acceptable wild logic. But Morgan himself is essentially an emotional wreck, a psychic cripple. For all the laughter he is not so interesting.

The real devil, the fascinating terror of this film, is Morgan's wife, played by Vanessa Redgrave with extraordinary appeal and charm. It's been said that the modern spelling for *witch* is *bitch.* And there is a cliché image of a bitch, a sort of aggressive spitfire or beautiful harridan. Miss Redgrave shatters this cliché utterly. Her bitch is soft, almost a bit wet, lyrical, large-eyed, dripping with sympathy. She oozes a coquettishness that is just faint enough not to seem teasing. But poor Morgan can't resist it, and, as becomes obvious, the lady doesn't want him to. She gently refuses to extract her lovely claws from his quivering spinal cord. Vaguely she murmurs that she doesn't want him any more, but she doesn't mean it, not really. And he keeps coming back a little more mad each trip. The ultimate humiliation is her visit to him in the institution, pregnant with his child, married to somebody else, and still with that subtle, soul-sucking gaze. The dazzling combination of Miss Redgrave's rather breedy beauty and Karel Reisz's neat, well-turned direction make her bitch almost as seductive for the audience as she is for Morgan. A wonderful achievement and probably a landmark of sorts in British films. It also makes its comment on a certain kind of left-wing emotionalism in Britain.

Go test your emotions against Miss Redgrave's enchanting bitch. The contest might be unsettling, but it's worth a try. As for the ladies, they can take on Morgan. If they find their hearts pouring out to him, if they find they want to cuddle this cute, mad thing, they may discover they're in another kind of contest, and on ground a little more common with that lady in the film than they might like to be.

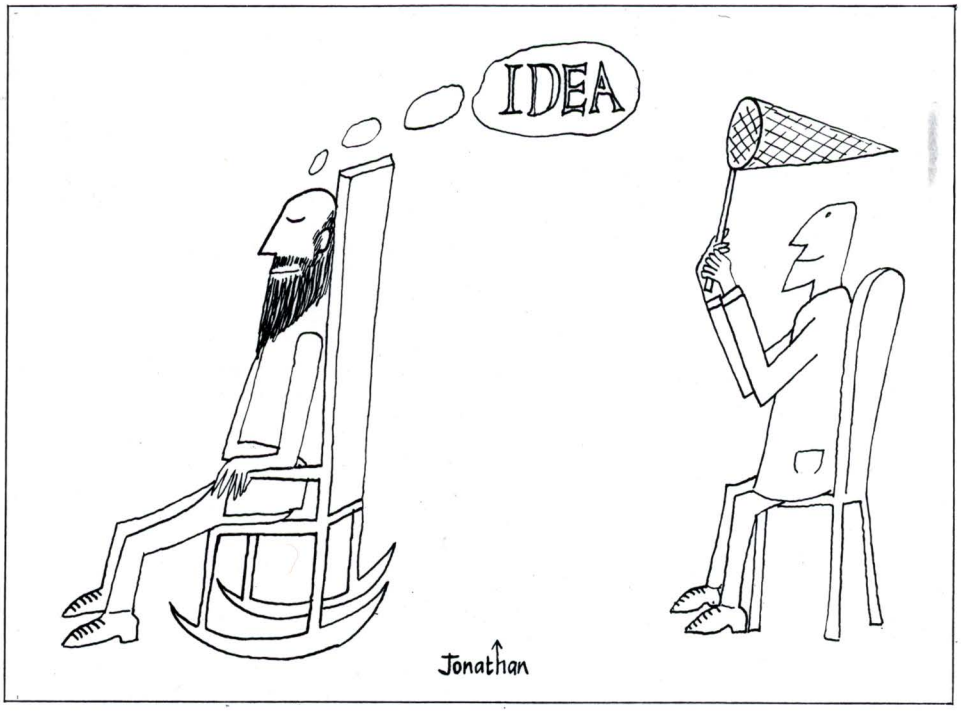
Viva Maria is a gay little trifle in colour. Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau (whose costumes also rhyme, more or less) sport through a Mexican revolution. Mlle Moreau discovers love in the person of George Hamilton, who is shot. Mlle Bardot discovers sex in the persons of a great number of Mexican gentlemen who are listed on the wall of her caravan but not in the cast. They too are shot but in another sense of the word. Of course the revolution is won, the dictator and the snarkish priest who helps him are duly destroyed. And the audience is tickled pleasantly. Louis Malle, an aristocratic young Frenchman, is responsible for this picture. He tends to display humour which is like an old aristocratic lion: no teeth. But with the lips of Bardot and Moreau on display, the absence of teeth can only be an advantage.

The **Othello** which Laurence Olivier performed at the National Theatre has been recorded on film. The effect of the thing as cinema is indifferent. A routine television technique has been used, and it doesn't enhance or transform what is being filmed. That may in one sense be a good thing. The performances of Sir Laurence and the National Theatre Company—with Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay and Joyce Redmond among others—are stunning. The effect of the play as a play is overpowering. If you are willing to go along with the stagy style of it and the dull camera work, you will walk out of the theatre feeling you've survived an avalanche or a tidal wave.

The film of **Doctor Zhivago** resembles the book in about the same way as a pop tune lifted from a symphony resembles its source. And one does not criticise a pop tune for not being a symphony. What we have is a splendidly photographed, rather vast piece of kitsch, loosely put together.

The stateliness of David Lean's style disguises, but doesn't hide the film's looseness. Lean belongs to the cinematic school which makes films by stringing splendid images together rather than by welding a series of actions into a dynamic progression. The effect is DeMille-cum-Dovzhenko and is often stunning. But it can't make this sprawling story cohere.

Omar Sharif's characterization of the title figure is really too moist to have the effect it should in such a broad scene. But given the essentially sentimental context, it fits and doesn't



damage anything. Geraldine Chaplin is sweet and, like Sharif, lightweight. They're a well-matched pair.

The phenomenon of this film is Julie Christie. One of her scenes with Sharif and Rod Steiger nakedly exposes her lack of acting ability. But acting is irrelevant when you are watching Julie Christie. What she possesses is something more uncommon than acting talent. It is an ability to resonate, like a wonderfully toned musical instrument, certain simple emotions. Her range is limited. In musical terms all of her roles except one have been played in the same key and with little melodic variation. *Darling* was the exception, and even that was only a minor variation of the key in which the others were performed.

Miss Christie's incredible eyes, combined with essentially unbeautiful strong-jawed features and that peculiar resonant facility, create an almost overpowering effect. It will, if she develops and extends her emotional range, make her into the great star which too many pretend she is today.

Mr Lean is a man with a certain amount of taste. Thus it's hard to figure why he allowed such a horribly banal musical score to be pasted over this picture. Or allowed Robert Bolt to tack on the equally corny prologue and epilogue, in which Alec Guinness and Rita Tushingham seem to be struggling with embarrassment at the trash they have to play. For maximum pleasure, go to *Dr Zhivago* about seven minutes late and leave about five minutes early.

Books

Amber Nine (*Muller, 18/-*) is the latest of John Gardner's Boysie Oakes books. Oakes is a man hired by Her Majesty's Government under the impression that he is an assassin. In fact he is white-livered, yellow-bellied and chicken-hearted. He has to hire a goon called Griffin to do his assassinating for him. But Griffin is saved the trouble of snuffing out a troublesome MP (yes, MP—Left-wing, of course). Someone else—not Boysie—pushes him off a Swiss Hotel balcony.

Incidental interest is supplied by Hitler's daughter (that's right, daughter), who is running a sexy school for girl agents. The lady also keeps a large furry pet. At one point the pet is allowed to crawl up the bound and nude body of a screaming female enemy agent and devour a grasshopper which has been placed between her breasts. The pet likes grasshoppers because it happens to be a banana spider. This gambit is supposed to make the female agent talk. *Boy*, does she talk.

There is also some hanky-panky about a biological weapon (Russian) called Chronic Fever and a plot to foil the Russian fail-safe system. All totally unbelievable, but since when did that matter in books like this?

In 1957 Jean Cocteau brought out a Kaleidescopic little work called **The Difficulty of Being.** This has now been translated by Elizabeth Sprigge and published here by Peter Owen (30/-). It's a series of jottings, cultural and personal gossip, and rumination under a large variety of titles. Some of them are: Youth, Laughter, Apollinaire, Proust, Dreams, Raymond Radiguet, France, etc., etc. If you're familiar with the French cultural scene of the last half-century, and if you enjoy commentaries on Proust's, Picasso's, Radiguet's, Apollinaire's (and other writers' and artists') personal quirks and fancies, the backstage chat of this book will intrigue you. If you have seen Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast* and *Blood of a Poet*, it will help, too, since he works one or the other into nearly all of the brief pieces in the book. In short, this work is for a limited audience, and if you happen to belong to that audience you will probably be enthralled. In this case the beauty of the thing is not only in the eye of the beholder, but relies very heavily on his experience and acquaintance with Cocteau's contemporaries. Miss Sprigge's translation runs smoothly, and given the conditions already mentioned, she and Mr Owen have presented a pleasant gift to a certain section of the English reading public.

David Irving's **The Destruction of Dresden** (*Corgi 6/-*) leaves one with very little to say after reading it. The book deals with more than the armaggedic blow which smashed that undefended German city in February 1945. Essentially, Irving tells the story of the allied air offensive which was deliberately calculated to break German morale by butchering large numbers of civilians. One point which stands out incidentally but unmistakably is the pitiful irrelevance of the anti-nuclear campaign which followed the war by a few years. The incredible destruction which quite conventional weapons were able to achieve, and the loss of life which in the single raid on Dresden exceeded the atomic casualties in Japan, makes it very clear that the solution to the problem of destructive weapons lies elsewhere than in the mere banning of H-bombs—or any bombs. The political context of the terror raids on Germany underline this point—assuming it needed underlining.

For the most part Irving maintains a carefully documentary attitude in his story. Now and again (not surprisingly) his emotions slip a little under the terrible load of the events he is narrating. He refutes the pretexts given to the British and American public for the raid, and then he does it again and then again, when it's clear that no more refutation is needed. But that's a tiny point and it doesn't get in the way.

The astonishing incidents—the brilliantly coloured corpses—bright orange, blue, green—found in German streets after the terror raids, and the assumption (refuted just in time by autopsy) that the allies had been using poison gas. The cellar, filled with people who were blasted into a footdeep pool of blood and shattered bones by a high explosive bomb. The firestorms which created hurricanes sucking helpless human beings into a 1,000 degree inferno—and it goes on and on until the emotions and then the mind find it hard to take it all in.

Because of the context of total war, the moral issue of Dresden is not too relevant. What is perhaps relevant is the sickening stupidity of it as a half-measure which did not achieve its end because it was never properly followed up.

Sanitized For Your Protection. By George Crowther. (*Secker & Warburg 25/-*) As an impressionistic portrait of the razzle-dazzle aspects of life on the sexual rush, this first novel by George Crowther succeeds brilliantly. Whether or not it's at all readable is another matter. The desperate narrative employed—divorced from literary rules, tenses and subject all tangled together, everything wallowing in a muddy obscurity—seems to defeat its own intelligent purpose, which is a shame. However, for the reader who likes to be whirled along, not knowing what's happening, avoid the mysteries of sex and emotion, *Sanitized For Your Protection* will find a happy home. Otherwise it flops; paradoxically over-sanitized.

Morning Papers. By George Buchanan. (*Gaberbocchus Press 15/-*) Irish journalists always seem to exist in a state of calm, happy confusion. The nature of their tenuous profession seems to make only a small dent on their mystic character. George Buchanan, in this quiet and beguiling memoir, that reads as smoothly as Irish coffee, fits in well with this nomadic, slightly homesick breed. There is a joyful lack of anger or frustration in this book; the author goes for a walk between writing newspaper copy and poetry, then walks back again, without so much as a shrugged shoulder. *Morning Papers* is a sweet and constant relief, like rain on a summer evening.

Sounds

Lena Horne/"Feeling Good"/*United Artists* (ULP 1114) If there really is a tigress loose among the pussycats of the vocal scene, then it must be Lena Horne, whose graceful growls and sweeps have saved many a flagging lyric from extinction. Like all good classicists, Lena's technique is disarmingly simple—she just stands there and sings. On this excellent album the songs are good and the treatment even better: *I Wanna Be Around*, that loveless lament of the spurned, has never been treated with such wry passion; and *The Girl From Ipanema* (suitably transposed) is a softly swinging bossa-nova feast of seductive sound. There are others just too marvellous for words, but if justice will out, they'll be heard, and dug as they should be dug; lightly, with no fooling.

"Blues—Southside Chicago"/(*Decca LK* 4748) From feeling good to feeling bad, or at least mostly bad. For this is an anthology of blues singers who've been done wrong in any number of vocal ways. Their picturesque names (Shakey Norton, Homesick James, Poor Bob, Robert Nighthawk) gives a cryptic hint to the gutty music that explodes from their fierce guitars and dusty voices. That the lyrics of the blues they sing are repetitive and unpoetic seems somehow irrelevant—it 'ain't what they cry it's the way that they cry it. There is, though, a strange kind of beauty in this savagely forlorn music. Once heard, its message cannot be ignored.

"The Jazz Couriers In Concert"/*Music For Pleasure* (*MFP* 1072) Led by those two British stalwarts of the tenor saxophone, Ronnie Scott and Tubby Hayes, *The Jazz Couriers* first came to light in 1957, when English jazz mainly consisted of traditional corn and indigestible big band mash. In their own dedicated way the Couriers helped to change all that; in passing through they laid a good foundation for other modernists to build upon, as indeed they have done. This record contains mainly evergreen material (*What Is This Thing Called Love?, The Serpent, Cheek To Cheek*), that is eminently worthy of the group's memory. And with Ronnie Scott's hard-hitting tenor prompting all before him, and a rhythm section full of swing and drive, it's a damn good memory to have around.

Pete Seeger/"In Person"/(*Verve Folkways VLP* 5004) Just about the worst sin entertainment can be guilty of is entombed in this dreadful record: that of audience participation. For some strange reason Pete Seeger, besides thumping his foot on the stage with annoying authority, goads his (paying?) guests into joining him in the chorus, of all deathless things. The mystery deepens: Is Seeger trying desperately to shelter his tiny, tuneless voice? Is folk music going back where it belongs—to the folk? Are these battered songs (*Takes A Worried Man, Goodnight Irene*) going on forever? Is Seeger's clodhopping banjo in for another re-tune? Who knows, who cares?

PROTEST SONG: AN EPITAPH

Is a protest song a
protest or is it
a song? It should be
both—but in this indignant
article Michael Thomas
says the entertainment
industry has moved
in and confused
the message
with
the takings.

PROTEST SONG: AN EPITAPH

Bob Dylan in concert.

PERHAPS THE WORST FATE FOR A CAUSE IS FASHION. ESPECIALLY when fashion entails only a modish affectation of the appearances of commitment with no intelligent grappling with whatever moral or social issues may be, or may have been, at stake. And so, as Bob Dylan falls from left wing grace as fast as he rises in the charts, and as such unlikely figures as Manfred Mann and Nancy Sinatra and such improbable coalitions as The Uglies, The Who, and The Byrds emerge in his wake, what was a no-holds-barred expression of disaffection with the *status quo*, of challenge and abuse, has become tatty and debased, and so too have the slogans. It is more than a crying shame, it is catastrophic. The healthy emergence of radical youthful opposition to the multiplying absurdities and casual atrocities of post-war society (having achieved the ultimate compliment of "communist-inspired" from worthy Washington protectors of the free world), has become a fickle teenage bun-rush, and the notion of protest has become the property of sibilant disc-jockeys playing pirates in the Channel. Never in the long and logical history of vernacular protest have the issues been more crucial, and never have they been so flippantly hawked around at 45 revolutions per minute.

Which all sounds a little earnest, and evangelical, but there is a lot to lament. Protest is a process essential to the preservation of any notion of human dignity or freedom, and it is because folk song is the most accessible art that resistance, rally-cry, recrimination or just plain gripe have traditionally found universal popular expression in song. A cause is easily sung, and propaganda and commonplace are more palatable, and more persuasive, when you can sing 'em yourself. Furthermore, song reaches the most people; it is the property of all and the prerogative of none. It is a free-for-all articulation of rebellion against injustice, oppression, national malady, or any of the multiple forms of actual or anticipated misery that men inflict on each other, intentionally or coincidentally. If you care, then you can sing it. You may not be able to write it, or paint it, or act it out, or even sing it in tune, but you can sing it. This is how folksong is made, and this is how it endures, and the folksinger is everybody's artist, and everybody's politician. So as Bob Dylan vacates the chair of spokesman, poet laureate, and hobo prophet of the now vulgarised folk song renaissance, it is with regret that one watches the two-a-penny stumblebums who are rushing to replace him, because all of a sudden the war in Vietnam and the death of Medgar Evers has displaced pre-pubescent masturbation fantasy as the Big L sound.

Now that protest song is no longer an underground refugee Bill of Rights, but has become the Muzak of the new teenage establishment, somehow the history of popular protest seems sold out. True, the issues are different. Not many Kentucky miners are singing the union anthem, *Which Side Are You On?* nowadays, because the question has lost its point when they were earning £10 a day as long ago as 1957. And though the I.R.A. mightn't like it, Ireland is divided and looks like staying that way, and the opposition to English overlordship is only a misty Fenian hangover. The negro doesn't even sing the blues anymore, in these freedom-bound days. It is not so easy to come to terms with human grievance because the threats are bigger, perhaps too big to handle, and whereas when you had no bread it was easy enough to say what you wanted, when you are living with destruction you can only make a much more generalised appeal for sanity. Nonetheless, as progress continues to parody itself, the appeal must be made, and not just by mindless adolescents out for a ready, steady, go, and a quickie with Cathy MacGowan (adulation).

Restriction of human rights by bigotry, cavalier authoritarianism or plain hatred is as old as not being allowed to eat the apple, and the songs that challenge or lament such restriction are just as old. They form part of a universal culture in opposition, with shared ideals and common heroes, and national folk-martyrs like the American *John Henry*, the Irish *Kelly, the Boy from Killarney*, and the Anglo-Australian *Jim Jones at Botany Bay* share a common arrogance and aspire to the same nobility. Errol Flynn could have played all three.

When, as in Ireland, oppression was political, the reaction was one of national pride. The great bulk of Irish songs are just these epic appeals to unified resistance or celebrations of actual clashes with the ruling English. For Ireland enjoyed some 800 years of English occupation, and it is because the breakdown of feudalism and the resultant rise of nationalism more or less passed Ireland by that it was not really until the late 18th century that the Irish made a gesture towards overcoming their clannish internal disunity to sponsor any national movement for independence. The first voice to challenge the Irish apathy was Jonathan Swift, whose series of vitriolic pamphlets "*The Drapier's Letters*" and "*The Modest Proposal*" shamed Ireland into action. But parliamentary agitation to redress Irish grievances broke down because the Irish are not a nation of negotiators, and besides, no politician could presume to speak for the whole people. And the sporadic unplanned uprisings collapsed beneath a surfeit of misguided emotionalism, unstable leadership, and parochial jealousies. Even the Great Rebellion of 1798, led by the closest thing Ireland had produced to a national leader, Theobald Wolfe Tone, was only a futile idealist demonstration on a slightly larger scale. And the same unrealistic non-event recurred right up to the Easter Rebellion during World War I, and even today survives in the boy scout nuisance activities of the I.R.A.

The story of Ireland's fight for liberty during the 19th century is one of a spirited schoolboy taking a stick to his old dad. He fights hard, and he won't give in, but he's got no plan of attack, and all the time he doesn't let up shouting and crying. It is this shouting and crying, the history of Irish resistance in song, that forms the body of Irish folk song, possibly the most rousing, and the most lyrical national song culture in the world.

Irish singer Patrick Galvin has said that the songs of the 1798 revolutionaries are "as thick as autumnal leaves," and the grandsons of the '98 Rebellion printed many of them during the 1840s. It was then that Thomas Davis and his companions seeing the desperate need for a focal point around which to rally the national aspirations founded a newspaper *The Nation*. It became a forum for the Irish folk poets, notably Davis himself, and circulated the call to Irish resistance and the plea for Irish freedom throughout the country. Even during the famine years of the mid-19th century, when one-third of the population died and the Young Ireland movement foundered, *The Nation* survived as a handbook of rebel sentiment. Its tone was always positive and defiant, never defeatist, if sometimes allusive for safety's sake, and the songs of Irish protest it published endure as testaments to the Irish struggle. It is perhaps too cynical to suggest that the song culture compensates for the Irish failure, but it certainly commemorates it.

Whereas the Irishman rebels, the Negro complains. The blues, the poetry of the American Negro, is more a cry of distress than any consistent articulation of protest. Blues are half-recollected and progressively improved snatches of despair, frustration, or anger, always subjective, and usually elaborated in cycles of folk symbolism. The blues grew out of the worksongs of the prison and the field, they multiplied and were reworked to fit the singer's mood, but always within the limits of a distinct blues morality and vocabulary. Blues is a root language, the communal *[continued on page 14*

PROTEST SONG: AN EPITAPH

expression of the Negro subculture, part-memory part social comment, voicing the primary concerns and complaints of the Negro community, the torment of love and the consciousness of sexuality, the insecurity of existence as a second-class citizen, the loneliness of enforced wandering, providing the Negro with an emotional release when his spirit's 'way down low.

The yearning in the blues, for freedom, for love, for understanding, often takes a metaphoric form. The singer addresses himself to trains, to distant mistresses, any symbol of the cure-all salvation that will relieve his misery, for though the blues may complain and protest, rarely do they offer any positive prospect of release. The tone of the blues is resigned, long-suffering, and inactive. They have a shaky sort of faith, a hazy sort of hope, and a distrust but implicit weakness for charity. The demands they make are non-specific, romantic ones, indeed not so much demands as requests. As the blues-singers drifted from work gang to work gang, singing in the streets to earn a little extra money, the frustration of rootlessness and the pain of isolation typically found its bitter rhetoric in blues-song. Many nostalgic blues came from the Negroes who fled north in the crowded "Jim Crow" cars, or went to the wars to fight for the country they had such a lowly place in, or travelled the South on that familiar blues-subject, the overland freight train, only to arrive at a station all too similar to the one they had left behind.

But protest is really only a secondary thread of the blues, for, in most cases, the songs are for their own sake, or at least, for the singer's, rather than for any broader cause. And their preoccupation is sexual. Love in the blues is no sentimental, adolescent sort, but mature, loose, raw, and erotic. Fornication and deviation are openly celebrated, within a witty texture of implication and double-meaning. It's nice work if you can get it, but more often love in the blues is just around the corner, and the corner never comes.

It has been the Negro's crime in America to be black, and although he has not accepted the guilt he has been supposed to feel, there is surprisingly little protest against colour discrimination in traditional blues-song. Indeed, the reference made to skin colour is more often cynical, than it is bitter, more wry than outraged. For the Negro, it would appear, the blues is the lament of individual despair, but it is the despair of men and women deprived, not just black men and women. "I gotta right," sings Billie Holliday, the nightclub blues evangelist, "to sing the blues," but it is the right of a woman, of a woman who has suffered, as both black and white can suffer. The fact that she is a Negress only makes her singing greater, but it claims no mortgage on misery.

Blues is a translation from one continent to another, spreading from the roustabouts and muleskinners of the Mississippi Valley to become the language of a race. It became a musical form when it was played on the guitar, with its own familiar chord and choral pattern. Only later, when Leadbelly, Big Bill Broonzy, and Josh White set out to speak for their race did the blues become a composed vehicle of protest. As a spontaneous folk culture it is as aimless as the unemployed casual labourers who sang it to ease their minds, or the shouter who led the chorus on the chain-gangs. But the blues is what it is like to be a Negro; it is the anthem of a culture; as novelist James Baldwin says in his essay, "*The Discovery of What It Means to be to An American*,"

> It was Bessie Smith, through her tone and her cadence, who helped me to dig back to the way I myself must have spoken when I was a piccaninny, and to remember the things I had heard and seen and felt. I had buried them very deep. I had never listened to Bessie Smith in America (in the same way that for years I would not touch watermelon), but in Europe she helped to reconcile me to being a 'nigger'."

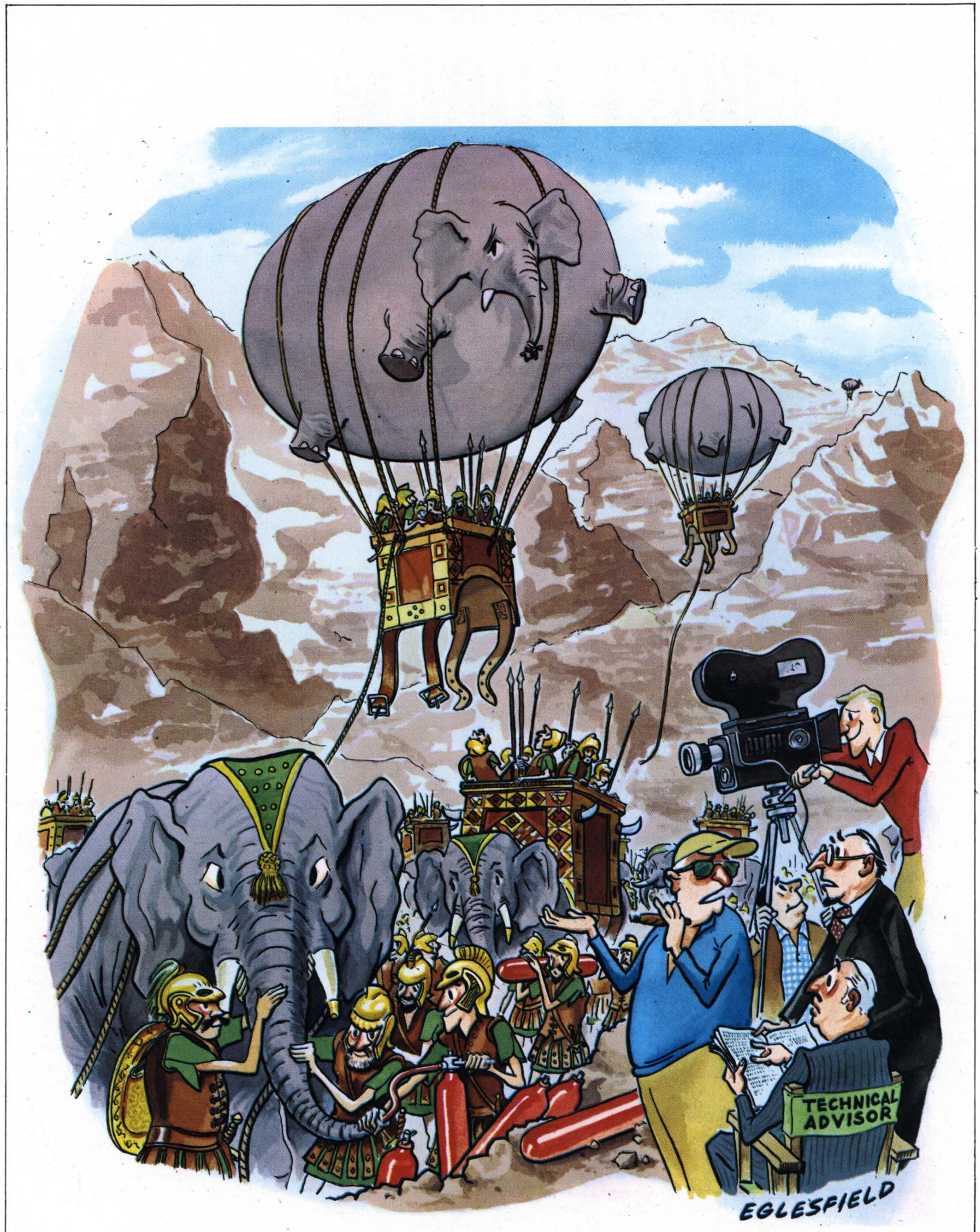
The process of industrialisation has made America the benefactor nation of the world. But the cost of productivity and affluence has been high, especially between the wars when uncontrolled economic boom left the superceded rural and urban work force jobless and penniless, the Great American Unemployed of the 20's and 30's. They had as their poet, Woody Guthrie, the greatest writer of American folksong of this century, who today lies dying in a New Jersey hospital, and who remains the hobo saint and spiritual father of any contemporary protest movement. A refugee from the Oklahoma Dust Bowl to the false promise of California, Guthrie has said:

> I was born in western Oklahoma and drug up in the Texas Panhandle. That's where the wheat grows, where the oil flows, where the dust flows and the farmer owes—where you hunt for wood and dig for water—where you can look farther and see less—where there's more weather and less climate, more crops and less groceries than any other dadburned place in the universe. Sometimes the dust would settle, but the debts wouldn't.
>
> For the last few years I've been a ramblin' man. From Oklahoma to California and back, by freight train and thumb. I've been stranded and disbanded, busted and disgusted with people of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and calibres. I slept with their feet in my face and my feet in theirs, with Oklies and Arkies that were rambling all over the states of California and Arizona like a herd of lost buffalo with the hot foot and empty mouth disease. Pretty soon, I found I had relatives under every railroad bridge between Oklahoma and California. Somehow I picked up an old rusty guitar and started to picking and playing the songs I heard and making up new ones about what folks said.

Guthrie is the unlettered, folksy chronicler of the other America, those who paid the price of prosperity with their lives. But not all those who slept with their feet in Woody Guthrie's face were farmers. In the factories and the mills and the mines and on the railroads, the labourers united against distress conditions and produced a crude documentary record of industrial conflict, strikes, and the "industrial accident" (in which men like Casey Jones, the famous engine-driver, died). These bits-and-pieces hard-times or hard-luck stories, and propagandist union rally-cries today survive only in the memory of the professional folklorists, or the Pete Seegers, because protest song is, of its nature, occasional. It is in reaction to hardship or exploitation, and when the hardship is removed or the exploitation stops or is stopped, only the art that is the vehicle for the propaganda endures. Sometimes men reduced to misery have been inspired to poetry, which keeps Ireland's Clancy Brothers in business, and gives today's slightly paranoid crusaders, the lesser Dylans like Tom Paxton or Phil Ochs in America, something to ape, or in the case of the most uncompromising and underrated poet and singer in England, Ewan MacColl, a tradition to enrich.

Protest is a political position, an emotional springboard, and a state of mind. Only recently has it become faddish, a kind of hobby for the cute little boys and girls of the discotheques, like slumming in the pubs on the Isle of Dogs, or making a "spade." It is perhaps the final disgrace that issues like nuclear disarmament and racist persecution should have become the small change of Tin Pan Alley.

I suppose it will survive the teenage dilettantes and the electric organs, because where there are wrongs someone finally seeks to right them, and a man will not put up forever with someone putting him down. In Ireland, in England, in America, popular sentiment has changed the course of history. It is an essential process. Let us hope it can continue.



"Maybe you got a better way?"

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and correspondents alike discuss topics of general interest to the PENTHOUSE reader. Any reasonable subject, whether directly related to actual articles or stories appearing in PENTHOUSE or not, will be considered for discussion in these columns.
Whilst every effort is made to encourage and promote a cross-section of readership opinion, the views expressed in these columns are not necessarily those of the publisher, his editors or staff.

Fanny Suspect

I have been an occasional reader of PENTHOUSE over the period of its publication and have found many of your articles intelligent and interesting, being particularly impressed with the liberal broadmindedness of the magazine's attitude towards subjects that are conventionally and often unreasonably considered "taboo". Your feature "*Fanny Hillman, Memoirs Of A Jewish Madam*" in the last issue was regrettably a disappointment in terms of what I have heretofore considered the most admirable qualities of your editorial policy, among them good taste.

Without wishing to brew a storm in a teacup, I feel that the humour in this article was of an irresponsible and potentially damaging nature, in that it helps breed malicious and unreasonable attitudes of ignorance towards the Jewish people, upon which certain right-wing elements are perpetually making capital. I am of the impression that the article was not intentionally malicious, but that in the process of creating its so-called humour, it fostered an overall impression of the Jews as ignorant, quite unassimilated and wholly concerned with making money by unsavoury means; an image that is true only in the eyes of those who wish to orientate public opinion against them. This fact can be verified by only a cursory glance at the contribution of the Jews to the general culture and advancement of this country at present.

I would be interested to hear your views on this matter.

John Adler
University of Manchester

Reader Adler's rather self-conscious defence of the otherwise intrepid Fanny Hillman would come as a surprise to Fanny's seven creators, six of whom are Jewish, i.e. Jackie Kannon, Alex Roman, Rochelle Davis, Joan Solomonson, Sol Weinstein, Francine Lehrman and Robert Antony. —Ed.

Assault By Tickling

You have published many interesting and informed articles on the various forms in which the sex instinct manifests itself in human behaviour. Much space and attention has been given to the use and abuse of the cane in scholastic and domestic discipline, and the interest in this is a branch of the sadistic interest in flagellation generally. A by-product of sex.

However, surely the percentage of people who can take pleasure in the appalling suffering inflicted by these bare-bottom canings is far lower than those who take pleasure in tickling.

There is hardly a niece who—when young enough—does not get tickled by an uncle. Children are frequently tickled—mostly quite playfully—by nurses or parents. School children sometimes combine to tickle one of their number; and in girls' schools it is very common for the girls to "discipline" one of their number (for "sneaking" to a mistress for instance) by holding her down and tickling her feet. It is the girls' form of bullying, and is a stage through which all children go.

All these activities do in fact give sexually-based enjoyment to the perpetrator, and—if carried too far—amount to sadism.

Now what astonishes me is not only that this sexual variant has—I believe—never figured in your columns, but that the police courts are not full of cases of serious assault by tickling.

Can you inspire an informed article on this aspect? I think, too, that if you invited correspondence on tickling in girls' schools you would be astonished by the response.

Is it conceivable that this genuine sexual phenomenon is insufficiently cruel to interest people? Must suffering be so drastic before it excites interest?

Valerie Metcalfe (Miss)
London, W.2

Female Homosexuality

I think your magazine is the best of its kind and makes immensely satisfying reading. I have noted that your correspondence column has attracted an increasing number of female contributors and you are to be congratulated on cornering this section of the market with an ostensibly male magazine.

I find PENTHOUSE is the only magazine I fight over with my flat-mate for bedtime reading. The articles I especially enjoy are those which appear on the khaki pages which have covered homosexuality, sadism, masochism, etc., which are so frank and to the point without any punches being pulled. I would very much like to read about my own sexual deviation in similar terms.

I used to think that I was psychologically inadequate since although the sexual urge was present in an apparently minor intensity, I couldn't bear the thought of satisfying it with a man. I find the male body abhorrent.

Now I am living with a girl-friend who has never been with or had the urge to go with a man, and who, like me, until we took our flat, thought she had no real need for sex. We now share a wonderful feeling for one another which as far as I know is a typical lesbian relationship.

There has been much written on and talked about homosexual habits amongst men and even legislation introduced, but I find that except for a multitude of cheap paperbacks which we feel mock us and one or two highly complex volumes, there is very little written about us.

Are we rarer than male homosexuals? The "queer" is accepted in certain societies for what he is although often in a humorous context.

What is the general attitude of readers of your magazine to women like us?

If this letter is published, I sincerely hope it will provoke and encourage other women with similar or conflicting feelings to mine to come into the open with their views.

Ann Mills
London, S.W.15

Educating Jimmy

The article on James' education (VOL. 1, NO. 8) was well done, but phony. Let's grant that humbug is the death of hundreds of marriages. It is. Let's grant that "forgiveness", being a basic Christian virtue, is an absolute essential, as is the ability to receive it. Let's grant that our society probably still is lop-sided in its estimate of vice and virtue. Let it also be granted that one can have a society that has far fewer restrictions on sexual intercourse than ours (theoretically) has. Granted all this I still think the article is phony.

If sex becomes something for all and sundry, it ceases to be in any way significant for the expression of what is unique. Either James did not really love his wife at all, or he could not show it that way. It could be that neither James nor the author really know the joy of real mutual commitment, of the real sharing of life . . . in which case, bless them, they are no more to be blessed than the blind man who really can't see why everyone is raving about the sunset, but oh! that they could somehow find out what they are missing—or rather what they have missed!

P.P.
Prestwick, Scotland

Corporal Punishment

This controversy was touched off by a letter in the third issue of Penthouse from reader J. Hudson. He wrote in reaction to notes by R. E. L. Masters on the beating of girls in vol. 1 no. 2 ("The Anti-sex"). The controversy is arousing the same widespread interest as a correspondence on the same subject in Parents magazine —which began in December 1961 and raged till late in the following spring, with an authoritative intervention in the form of an objective article by Professor John Cohen. Here is another representative selection of Penthouse readers' views on aspects arising out of reader Hudson's letter:

I look forward to your magazine—pity it is not a daily issue but then you all toil hard enough. I enjoy admiring your lovely girls, have not yet read a poor article, but above all I enjoy your *Forum*.

Why? Because of the spanking controversy. I hope this goes on for ever too. Of course, I am particularly interested because I have the masochistic complex as often praised as it is condemned.

There is a heap of tripe written by some contributors about the benefits of subjecting teenagers to spankings and canings and I suspect that most are hiding their own complexes in a cloak of pseudo sincerity when what they really

mean is that they enjoy the semi-erotic experience of chastising young girls. Why not try developing character and good manners by understanding, honesty and example? It worked with my son (18) and daughter (16). I doubt if either were tanned more than once and yet we often hear that they are a credit to us.

Those who are oppressed with the desire to chastise should practice it with their own wives and vice versa. That way they will find an outlet for their obvious sado-masochistic traits.

My wife and I have included spanking as an extra sexual boost to our otherwise normal healthy activities for several years now. When the urge is mutual we wait until our children have gone out for the evening and retire to our bedroom earlier than usual. There we spank each other and it acts as a remarkably effective aphrodisiac, for us at any rate. As we are of equal height my wife has no difficulty supporting me across her lap nor I her. She slaps my bottom and thighs quite briskly and I then spank her bared bottom with the palm of my hand until she reaches the same high degree of sexual excitation; normal intercourse follows during which we both experience an extended climax far more pleasurable than when we have relations without spanking.

Perhaps many will condemn us, some sympathise and others envy us. But to those who condemn us I would say that what we do is our own affair, that consensual spanking between adults is not entirely unique and whose business is it anyway? There are, after all, many other odd perversions practiced, some quite distasteful to our minds, but there again provided the practice is between two married people no one is harmed.

But spanking teenage girls for insolence, etc., etc., is unfair to the nearly always fully grown girl and extremely humiliating. Furthermore, too frequent spankings probably could harm them insofar as they may become masochists and yet not marry a man of like mind.

B. Whybrow
Nottingham

Consultant Psychologist

The consultant psychologist who mentioned my name (VOL. 1 NO. 8) must be particularly brilliant if he can make a diagnosis on the brief letter of mine that was published in PENTHOUSE (VOL. 1 NO. 6). The gist of his long letter, from what I could gather, was that as mental cruelty is worse than physical cruelty, one should torture one's children by beating them instead of mentally tormenting them. I would have thought that a far saner attitude would be to refrain from torturing children altogether. There is only one way to bring up children to be good citizens and that is by setting them a good example. This is not a very popular method as this means that adults have to live on the same sanity level as they expect children to aspire to. This is why this dangerous and poisonous myth has arisen. Panaceas are very attractive; their great drawback is that they never work. Bringing up children is not an easy task, but those who are not prepared to face up to it shouldn't have the children in the first place.

And as to the idea that mental torture is worse than physical torture—I can only say that I can think of nothing more degrading or obscene than being beaten. The memories of the times when I was punished in this way cling to my mind like some ghastly form of spiritual excrement. I could forgive my father everything—but not that. Like our psychologist friend, he used to carry out these punishments quite cold bloodedly and clinically and didn't enjoy the experience, but I can't see what difference that makes. As far as I can see that only makes it worse. One could forgive a man who loses his temper, and lashes out, but these cold blooded monsters carrying out their nauseating rituals like some inquisition priest, just makes one feel one wants to go somewhere quiet and be sick.

I wouldn't mind betting our psychologist friend is a Christian, for let's face it, that's where these diseased ideas of guilt and punishment originate. My father loved Jesus very much, and was always quoting the "good book" to justify himself. And there are plenty of quotations in that foul catalogue of cruelty and murder known as the Bible, that permit one to beat up one's children when one feels the need to take it out on someone. Yes, I wouldn't mind betting that this is where our psychologist friend gets his ideas from. And he is obviously a Christian before he is a psychologist. I don't think he would find many of his colleagues who would agree with him on this issue. Corporal punishment is barbaric and degrading and can do nothing but harm. Thank heaven that more and more people are beginning to realize this, and are treating their children with friendship and understanding instead of bullying and browbeating them.

Colin Maine
Cyncoed, Cardiff

I was indeed most surprised and pained to read in VOL. 1 NO. 8 that Consultant Psychologist of London, s.w.15 had taken exception to my letter in Vol. 1 No. 6 and doubted my sincerity.

I would respectfully remind this learned gentleman that not everyone has had the benefit of a good education and that some of us who left school at 14 are unable to express ourselves so lucidly.

It may be recalled that in my previous letter in VOL. 1 NO. 6 I described my problem with my teenage daughter who was in the habit of consuming 10 pints of draught stout on most evenings. After which she became violent and indecent and caused people bodily harm. I was forced to beat her, and although I agree chastisement should be carried out in private, I had to enlist the help of the rest of my family to help me because although we are all big people, my daughter is over 6 ft 3 in. in height and weighs 19 stone.

I am sure that anyone will agree this is a very formidable problem to tackle but I was always most careful never to remove any clothes or use any instrument of chastisement which may have excited the girl in any way.

I am pleased to say that a much more enlightened psychologist than our friend in s.w.15, instead of suggesting that I convey my considerable bulk to one of his kind, and criticising my motives in writing the letter, wrote directly to me most helpfully. As a result my daughter has resumed psychiatric and medical treatment, and is now a reformed character.

I have not had to beat my daughter for six months now. We have moved to a new district and the situation is now much happier, due to PENTHOUSE for which I am most grateful.

Stephen Bumpstead
Princes Risborough, Bucks.

Masochism

I have been reading PENTHOUSE since the fourth issue and have been very impressed by your breadth of vision and the adult nature of the articles of Mr Hull Walton on the various aspects of sex. I really cannot understand why some booksellers refuse to sell it.

I have also been following your correspondence on corporal punishment with great interest. It is rather strange to find that your correspondent D.J.B. of Derby (VOL. 1 NO. 8), is in almost exactly the same position as myself.

I am in my mid-thirites, I am also happily married yet I have the same very strong masochistic tendencies that D.J.B. describes so well in his letter. I also would not visit a prostitute

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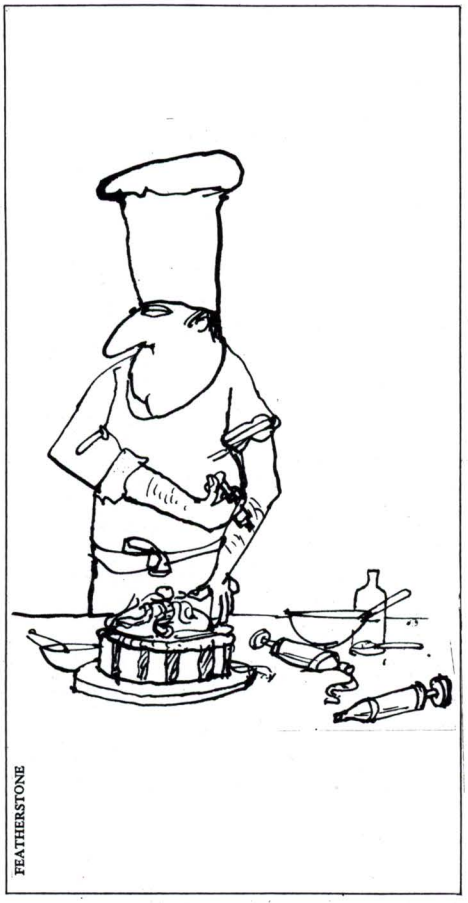


in order to satisfy my abnormal desires but would probably fall if I ever came into contact with a man or woman who enjoyed using corporal punishment.

In my case neither parents nor school could be held responsible; my parents never once used corporal punishment and the schools I attended use very little. I place the blame on a night nurse at a hospital and a school friend of my own age with whom I used to have exploratory sexual sessions.

When I was in hospital at the age of 14 I used to help the night nurse with her duties first thing in the morning. This was after I had been there for seven weeks with diphtheria and I had to spend a further eight convalescing and waiting for negative swabs, etc. I'm afraid on occasions I did not help as expected and on one of these the night nurse, who was really a rather "sporty" type, took me into a bathroom and threatened to take my pyjama trousers off and spank me. Although it never actually took place the incident must have taken hold in my mind and after I was discharged I related the incident to my school friend. Something must have shown in my eyes when I was telling the story because on our next friendly wrestling bout in his home he proceeded to put the nurse's threat into action! It was the occasion of my first orgasm and became the first of many similar experiences.

Later when I joined the Forces I followed a much more normal conventional path, going out with girls, etc. However, these masochistic feelings have remained and in recent years, despite the fact that I have happy sexual relations with my wife, they seem to have increased.

I have grave doubts about the efficacy of psychiatric treatment for something as deep-seated and wondered whether it might be possible to start a "Masochists Anonymous" society.

Howard Davidson
*London, S.E.*12

P.S. Numerous opinions have been given on the dangers of corporal punishment not only in your magazine but in learned books on sex by psychologists. I hesitate therefore to add a further opinion. However, my own experience shows that where clothes were not removed there were no ill effects. At my school I experienced several canings bending over in the headmaster's study; many other of my contemporaries at the school also went through this. It had no effect on me and I am willing to wager it had no effects on the others. What does produce a masochist, however, is a ritual punishment on the bare bottom. A certain amount of guilty pleasure is then experienced but a straightforward six on the trousers—no! Emphatically no.

I was interested to read MR D.J.B.'s letter from Derby, on corporal punishment, particularly as I have had the same problem to face, in my case for 35 years (I am now 49), that of wanting to be spanked. Unlike MR D.J.B., I cannot pinpoint the cause of it. I was first aware of it at about the age of 12, but unlike MR D.J.B. never received a single spanking from anybody. I was caned occasionally at public school, but never related this to my secret desire. I got married at 24 and told my wife about my peculiarity. She decided that it was something I would have to cope with myself, and that was the end of it as far as she was concerned. She died 18 years later and after a while I re-married. My desires were still as strong as ever, but I had learnt to control them and kept them well in check. A few months later I told my second wife of my problem, and to my astonishment she showed great interest and understanding. Her attitude was that we were man and wife, and "two as one", therefore a problem for one was a problem for both to solve, if possible. My wife had done psychiatric work when younger and tried without success to ascertain the cause of my desires. She then offered to spank me, which offer I gratefully accepted. She wondered if a good spanking might possibly cure me, but this was not to be, so regular spankings became part of our married life together, and have been now for over six years. When spanking me, my wife uses either a strap or a thin cane, and it is always administered to the bare bottom. I get up to 30 strokes with the strap, but seldom get more than 12 strokes with the cane. Of the two, the cane hurts more than the strap. My wife spanks me usually once a week, sometimes more. Apart from this our life together is in every respect normal, and we are a very happy, united family.

Perhaps MR D.J.B. will take heart from this letter, perhaps the answer to his problem is with an understanding and loving wife, NOT with a sadistically-minded unknown woman he has not yet found. In my own case the solving of my problem has given me peace of mind, and my unusual desires are now satisfied. Life continues as normal, thanks to my loving wife and our "togetherness".

Perhaps some of your readers will condemn the method by which we solved my problem. Perhaps I should have been stronger willed and said nothing about it to my wife. After all, I had controlled my desires for nearly 30 years. Either way, what man and wife do in the privacy of their home is surely their business and their's alone.

C.A.L.
*Streatham, S.W.*16

Like your correspondent D.J.B. I too live with the knowledge that I am a masochist and in offering my comments on recent letters invite your help.

I do not feel that the female masochist is quite so unfortunate as the male, as most men, boy-friends and husbands alike, will gladly satisfy her desire to have her bottom smacked. She need not even reveal her abnormality but merely by being cheeky or being "caught bending" some time and the slaps will soon come.

Not so for the man—at the slightest suggestion of a spanking or caning he would immediately be classified as abnormal and the possible results would be disastrous.

So what can he do?—D.J.B. decrys the idea of being caned by a prostitute but at least to her he would merely be another "customer", but I should imagine this would be too costly to consider. In view of "Lilian B's" letter (VOL. 1 NO. 8), I fear that a prostitute's caning of a man would tend to be far too sadistic as she would no doubt use the opportunity to get revenge, especially if she had suffered at the hands of her "protector".

Can a masochist be cured? Books on this subject (I mean the serious ones) are quick to relate what a masochist is and how he or she became one but none that I have read give a solution to the problem which I, and obviously many others, share. Some of your readers appear to be psychologists or psychoanalysts and it may well be that they have the answer.

Incidentally, it is no use telling us to see a psychiatrist. I, for one, do not feel able to discuss this matter verbally with anyone, but if a cure can be given through the medium of your columns, your magazine would rank first in at least attempting to assist me and my fellow-sufferers.

S.W.
Canterbury

I would like D.J.B., Allestree, Derby, to know how foolish I think he is for not telling his wife of his masochistic feelings. I was brought up under similar circumstances and like him,

WARNING!!

Do not be alarmed, but the publisher and editors of PENTHOUSE respectfully request all serious readers and supporters to pay particular attention to the message regrettably printed on the inside, back cover of this issue

I also realized the enjoyment of having my bare bottom spanked.

When I married I knew I had to tell my wife or else I would get no enjoyment from the physical side of our marriage. She understood and purchased a very thin supple cane. She enjoys using it tremendously, almost as much as I enjoy baring my bottom to her. We have been married ten years, and I still quiver with excitement when she stands before me with it in her hand. MR D.J.B. must be a very disappointed man, having it in his mind and doing nothing about it. If his wife is as understanding as mine, only she can make him realize that it isn't a loathsome or abnormal pastime, but a practice to be enjoyed by those who wish.

Incidentally, I think you have a wonderful magazine, and look forward each month to buying it. I haven't missed one yet. My wife is also a great follower of yours.

W.W.
Fulham, London

It is not my usual practice to write to magazines but having read PENTHOUSE I feel bound to write a few lines in reply to D.D.E., Hole, Cheshire (VOL. 1 NO. 8), in an endeavour to prevent a life of frustration.

I feel her sister is worrying herself unduly because any two people with marriage in mind should discuss sex fully beforehand and any other particular problems which affect them. It is an essential part of the "adapting to marriage" and the "give and take" of marriage and it is the duty of each to see that their partner attains fulfilment no matter what different approaches may be necessary.

If her potential husband is not prepared to show her consideration in granting satisfaction to her masochistic desires then he is not likely to show her consideration in any other way and she is better off without him.

I know if I found myself in that position I should be quite prepared to ensure her satisfaction just as I would if any lady I married had sadistic tendencies or any other special need, because I feel no man has any right to expect satisfaction if he is not prepared to give it in return.

John D. Righton
Bishopston, Bristol 7

Pubic Hair

My boy friend is tickled to death, not by my pubic hair, of course, but by the fact that Mr Sheridan (FORUM: VOL. 1 NO. 8) now shares with him the intimate knowledge that I possess a completely bald pubis as stated in my letter published in No. 7 of PENTHOUSE.

Evidently your reader must have read my letter in No. 5 in which I wrote of a visit to a nudist settlement and confused it with the letter in No. 7 in which I revealed my lack of pubic hair.

He must be an ardent admirer of ladies' pubic areas as he writes of the "velvet smoothness" which is "quite different from the after-effects of shaving".

I still disagree with his statement that 1 per cent only of ladies are devoid of pubic hair. It could be that most of the 3,000 ladies whom he has seen have been seen as "active nudists" like himself. Real nudists and naturists believe in being natural and being natural means leaving pubic hair to grow and flourish unchecked.

I wonder if Mr Sheridan can include among his ladies, members of the medical and nursing profession, for it is a well known fact that a very large percentage of those remove their pubic hair from a point of view of hygiene. This is a view shared by, and I repeat "countless thousands of girls". Also a large number of the male population like their girl friends and wives to be "bare". A pubic covering, be it a skirt or merely panties or a covering of hair, merely arouses curiosity as to what is beneath. When this (pardon the word) is clearly revealed "it" ceases to be so interesting to the world in general, which follows on the same line of thought as the view held (quite rightly) by nudists that when clothes are cast off the human body is no longer a matter of curiosity.

Having written this I should now like to say that it does not apply to girls at puberty. In my own case I know how thrilled I was when my first few wisps appeared, I knew I was approaching the years when the human body would take on an entirely new meaning as indeed it did.

Kathleen Barber
Wigston, Nr. Leicester

Perhaps I can throw a little more light on the subject of pubic hair.

I am age 39, with four children and these are my observations:

(*a*) In hospital, when having my babies, this subject is topical as the pubic area is shaved clean on entering. In our ward there were 12 of us, and it was discovered that seven of us were in the habit of keeping ourselves shaved.

(*b*) We discussed this at our ladies' evening circle last month and out of 21, nine of us shaved the pubic area, and now have another four this month that have tried shaving it and like it. More of our members intend to try it and are anxious to get their husbands cracking.

(*c*) I work in an office where there are 23 of us, ages 18-43, and we find that 15 of us follow the practice of "No Hair". On average it seems that mostly we are shaved by our husbands every 10-20 days, and about 50 per cent of the husbands shave themselves also.

I personally look forward to Monday nights, as every other Monday is shave night, and apart from the nice clean feeling it gives me, I find it sexually stimulating.

On alternate weeks it is "smack" night, when I receive 12 strokes with a thin whippy stick. They are quite hard strokes but don't sting for long. I have had this treatment for many years and wouldn't miss it for the world, as it main-

(*continued overleaf*)

"This time, Harry baby—I really think we've done it!"

tains my 38-25-34 figure. I know this is what keeps my figure, because a couple of times we have left the smacks alone for a couple of months and immediately I have increased to about 38-27-37, but on resumption of the usual treatment I have soon returned to normal.

I hope this will help a lot of other women.

K. J. (Mrs)
Norbury

Whilst a number of your correspondents (VOL. 1, NOS. 5 AND 8) may go on hoping that pubic hair shall flourish, they may well find that in the normal course of human evolution, hair on the body and the limbs will disappear completely.

Perhaps your correspondents fail to realize that the reason animals are hirsute is for protection from the elements. We as humans clothe our bodies; consequently the need for fur or hair to protect us is rapidly receding.

There is plenty of evidence of this fact and I am a part of it! I am nearly 30, and the only sign of hair on my body and limbs is the vaguest trace of down. In 1960 I noticed the first slight puberlant signs around my genital area. Now, some six years later, the growth is no further advanced, anymore than it is under my arms or on my limbs, which to the eye are completely bald. My eyebrows are also almost non-existent, but my eyelashes are long, and I have a luxuriant growth of very, very fine hair on my head.

One of your correspondents wrote, "nature had completely neglected to provide the usual covering". Covering for what may I ask? I have nothing to be ashamed of. I think that the male genitals are as beautiful as those of the female, but not when surrounded and covered by "nature's foliage".

To me it is a revolting, unsightly, useless and thoroughly unhygienic excresence, particularly when it grows in the pubic and genital regions.

I am glad to be without it, feeling clean and free. I have every sympathy for those of my sex who have to wield razors or resort to depilatories to retain or enhance their natural beauty.

Christine Wilson
Exeter, Devon

Art Of Dubbing

I'll admit to sharing (if not his film dubbing views) Michael L. Reeves' prejudice about Norman Thaddeus Vane's annoying byline (VOL. 1, NO. 8—and by the same anti-pomposity token, isn't it easier to merely say: NO. 8 . . .?) The reason why Norman uses his Thaddeus—if indeed it is his by baptism, though I suspect it's as false as Andrew Oldham's precious and precocious "Loog"—is simple enough.

Although I am no supporter of the Thad Fad, I cannot share Mr Reeves' other views, however. He seems to know as little about the techniques of film-making as he says Vane does. It's quite fair (incorrect, but quite fair) for Vane to think the Italians have best captured the art of film dubbing—or post-synching—inasmuch as each and every Italian film made is dubbed throughout after shooting. Even our sub-titled versions of Italian films have been dubbed at home before they reach us. In fact, several of the leading Italian stars have yet to be actually heard with their own voices in cinemas anywhere in the world by reason of this odd style of film-making. (Find the right face, and fit the right voice later—that's the way even Fellini works.) Claudia Cardinale, for example, has only been allowed to use her own highly off-beat and deliciously husky voice in recent years, after the majority of her films had her dubbed by some other actress—unbeknown to most film-makers, critics, filmgoers, and no doubt, Mr Reeves himself.

So if the Italians are good at dubbing, that's the reason. They have more experience. They do it every time. In fact, though, I'd vote for the French as the real dubbing experts, followed closely by Britain. However, you cannot really single out an individual country for praise in this art (as you can't in movies themselves)—just certain dubbing-combines in various countries.

A final point (and I trust I'm not taking up too much room from the latest chastisement, homosexuality and pubic hair letters), Mr Reeves went on to say a bad example of Italy's dubbing for the Italian release print of *Les Bamboles*. Has he seen it? I haven't. Unless his languages are as mixed as his opinions, and he's referring to *La Bambole*.

Tony Crawley
Kennington, S.E.11

Motor Indictment

I appreciate the provocative quality of Mr Fieldhouse's article, "*Racing Improves The Ad*". (VOL. 1, No. 8.)

However, even if his contentions that motor-racing does not influence the development of motor-cars were correct, which they aren't, Mr Fieldhouse would not sneer at football because it failed to develop the feet?

Mr Fieldhouse states that the Coventry Climax engine was a fire-pump design. And so it would have remained had racing not developed it into a world-beater. Automatic transmission is not considered a must by the majority of British drivers, in spite of the 1938 Oldsmobile and its descendants. Power steering is useful for parking heavy machinery, but rack-and-pinion steering, as fitted to most European sports cars and the more advanced family cars such as the Triumphs and Auto-Union Audi, not to mention the Rover 2000, was developed through racing.

In spite of Mr Fieldhouse's apparent desire to claim all things bright and beautiful for Detroit, American cars lag far behind their European counterparts in chassis design and, therefore, safety, not to mention their lack of the disc brakes which Mr Fieldhouse mentions in an aside as having been adapted by Jaguar from aircraft brakes. Road tests of American cars usually mention that the brakes are not up to the cars' performance—they are drum brakes, which fade quickly through over-heating.

No racing, no adaptation, no discs, no safe high performance. Ferrari, Rolls-Royce and Mercedes now use discs; what will Detroit call discs when they at last invent them?

Finally, motor-racing, in addition to developing better, more efficient fuels and oils, has brought to fruition tyres which are safe at high speeds, both from the point of view of traction and reliability. Tubeless tyres are not, tending to come off the rims at high speed or when cornering quickly. Firestone and Goodyear, the latter makers of the first tubeless tyre, "the Lifeguard", are moving more and more into racing—could it be that they too disagree with Mr Fieldhouse?

George Harris
Queens' Gate Terrace, S.W.7

Our contributor replies:

I'm not sure what point Mr Harris's fact-free rejoinder is trying to register—perhaps just a general sense of outrage. Facts, however, cannot be altered by vague assertion—or non sequiturs.

For example, Mr Harris says that racing turned the Coventry Climax engine into "a world-beater". A world-beater at what? At racing, which is where we came in.

He believes that "modern European suspension", whatever that may mean, was developed through racing. If he means i.f.s., this has been tried since the earliest days of motoring. It was adopted for series production by Lancia in 1922, and fitted by umpteen makers in other forms during the following decade. The racing Bentleys of this era were still on cart springs. I.f.s. swept the industry when General Motors (sorry, Mr Harris) brought in two systems of their own in the early 1930s. The 1934 Vauxhall, first popular car with i.f.s. to be made in Britain, caused a stir. Racing cars didn't inspire this trend, but went along with it. Likewise with i.r.s.; which Mercedes fitted on their production saloons in 1931 and B.M.W. in 1932, long before it was general on racing cars.

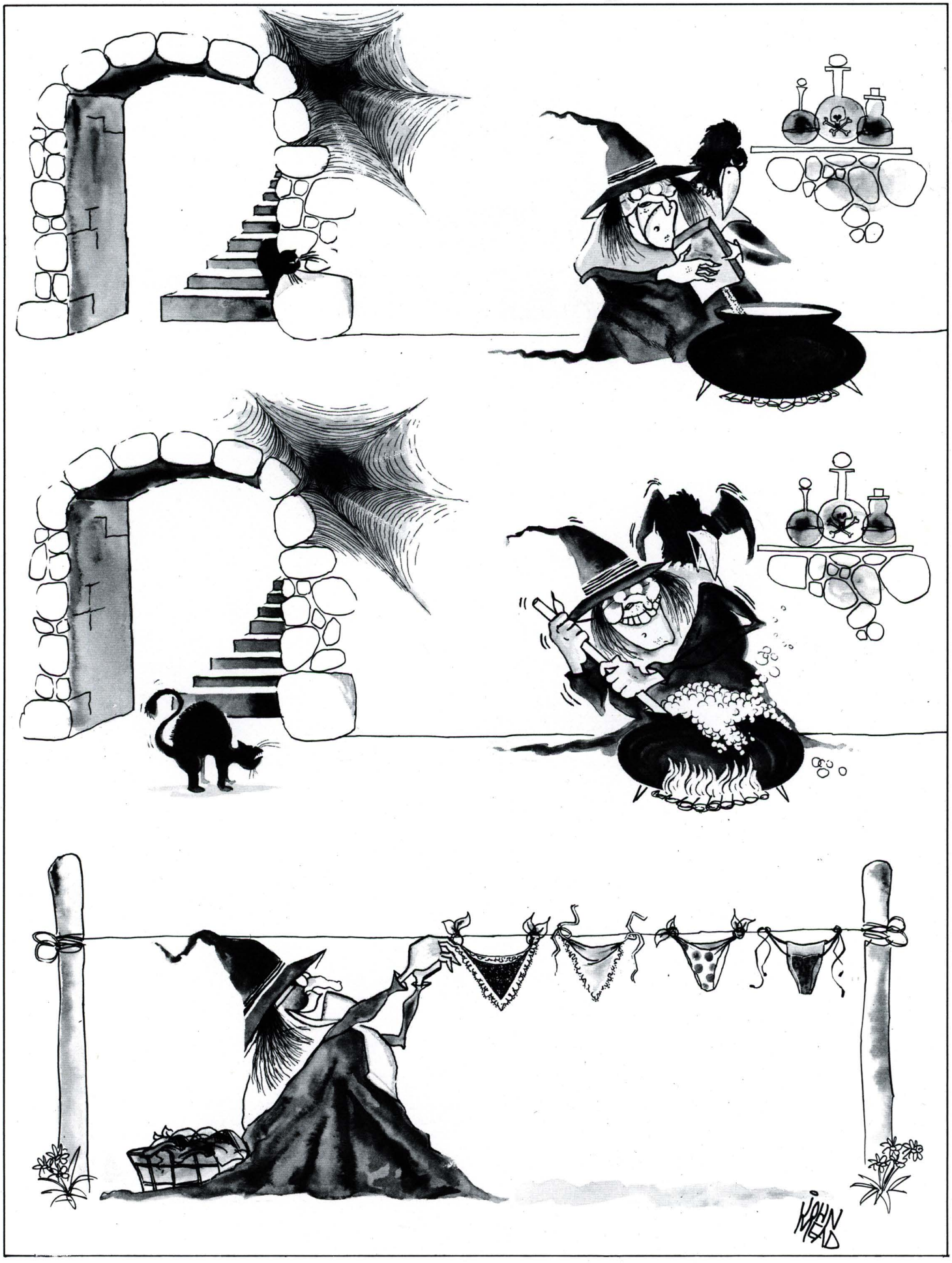
Mr Harris must be joking when he ascribes the rack-and-pinion system to racing. Next he will be saying that Nuvolari invented the wheel. I cannot positively credit Noah with the rack-and-pinion but I do know that it's a mechanism at least as venerable as the lathe (from which the automobile gearbox was borrowed).

As for power steering and automatic transmission, Mr Harris misses the point. The "majority of British drivers" have no experience of either and therefore know nothing about it. Costs stand in their way. As costs fall and living standards rise, both these advances will become nearly universal, as in America, regardless of car size. This is already beginning to happen here.

Incidentally, the late Laurence Pomeroy forecast that even racing cars would take to automatic transmission. He was right. The Chaparral, a Chevrolet-engined special, is burning up the American road circuits with semi-automatic gears.

Fuel, oil, tyres—as my article explained, the manufacturers of these go racing for the publicity. Mr Harris wisely avoids trying to produce any examples of what he says about technical benefits.

Finally, may I say that I have no "desire to claim all things" for anybody. I'm only interested in the facts and I carefully researched them in the Patent Office. Nor do I sneer at racing—just at the pretensions of its fans. Racing is an exciting sport—period.



There was a terrifying crash from below, followed by a muffled thudding of hooves . . . Myra screamed as the beast cantered over to the bed.

THE TAKEOVER

BY
WALTER HARRIS

"ALL ANIMAL STORIES ARE THE SAME," BASS-VOICED FAHRNHASEN DECLARED from the deepest armchair at the club.

"The trouble with you is that you tend to specialise in generalisations," contradicted Squibb, small and thin and attached to an improbably large cigar. "What about Kafka's Metamorphosis, for example?" He smirked in triumph.

"Why should I concede my point by letting you count a cockroach as an animal? A man who wakes up to find himself a man-sized cockroach can hardly count himself as an animal story." Fahrnhasen added: "I suppose you thought I hadn't read it."

"Not at all," said Squibb hastily, still looking surprised.

"I can tell you an animal story that's a little different from most," put in Moonman.

"Not Black Beauty, I trust. You aren't about to resurrect Black Beauty? Or White Fang or another of those humanised animals?"

"This story is true." Moonman caressed his paunch, burped, wiped his pince-nez, and regretted vaguely the fact that his chair was not as comfortable as Fahrnhasen's while his cigar was rather smaller than Squibb's.

"I had a friend called Saxby who used to be quite well-known round the London landscape. I don't think any of you met him?" Fortunately no one had.

"Saxby was burdened with a number of unlovely, unloving relatives. An uncle who was an MP for 30 years, and opened his mouth in the Commons on only five occasions, three times to yawn and twice to cough. An aunt of Pharaonic beauty, which is to say she was bald. The part of her that was not bald was mauve. Saxby used to call her Poison-bowels. She never stopped talking except for that brief moment before she trumped her partner's deuce, and in her entire life was never heard to say a charitable word about a soul. She took to mothering Saxby, much as a fox might mother a chick in order to eat it when it had got a little bigger. What with this and several other relatives who looked as if they'd stepped straight from a pack of Happy Families, Saxby decided to leave town.

"Fortunately, he had some money, and having got so fed up with human beings decided to concentrate on animals. He developed a love of dogs, but his real passion was horses.

"He settled in Leicestershire in a pleasant pseudo-Georgian manor and bought a nag or two which he rode with the Quorn. Splendid hunt, the Quorn, and when you got tired of chasing the fox there was always the odd divorcee.

"Saxby, however, had had enough of women in town and proceeded to build up a small collection of horses. As his confidence grew so did his stables. One day, at Tattersall's, he bought Lady Hoodleby de Vere, christened her Vera, and knew profound happiness.

"Vera seemed to feel much the same way about him. She was very young when he bought her, and grew up to regard him as a sort of mother-father combination. Whinnied when he was a mile away and snuffled in his pockets for sugar, the usual sort of equine capers.

"Saxby revelled in it; for the first time in his life he had found a creature which needed him and did not wish to dominate him.

"At ungodly hours of the morning, the two of them would chase all over the countryside, sipping dew off the hedgerows and playing hopscotch over massed banks of briar and honeysuckle. A misty idyll in a Turner-coloured key. Proud horseman and Stubbs model. Glorious.

"When he wasn't riding Vera, Saxby would stand for minutes at a time, staring into her eyes and stroking her nose. You expect him to light a cosy cigarette each, or powder Vera's muzzle for her—I find it so easy to control my admiration for the horse because the poor creature has such outsize nostrils. Smell the fox's scent when the hounds have lost it, I suppose. I'm not a countryman, of course.

"Anyway, life proceeded serenely enough, and there wasn't a cloud in either Saxby's or Vera's sky.

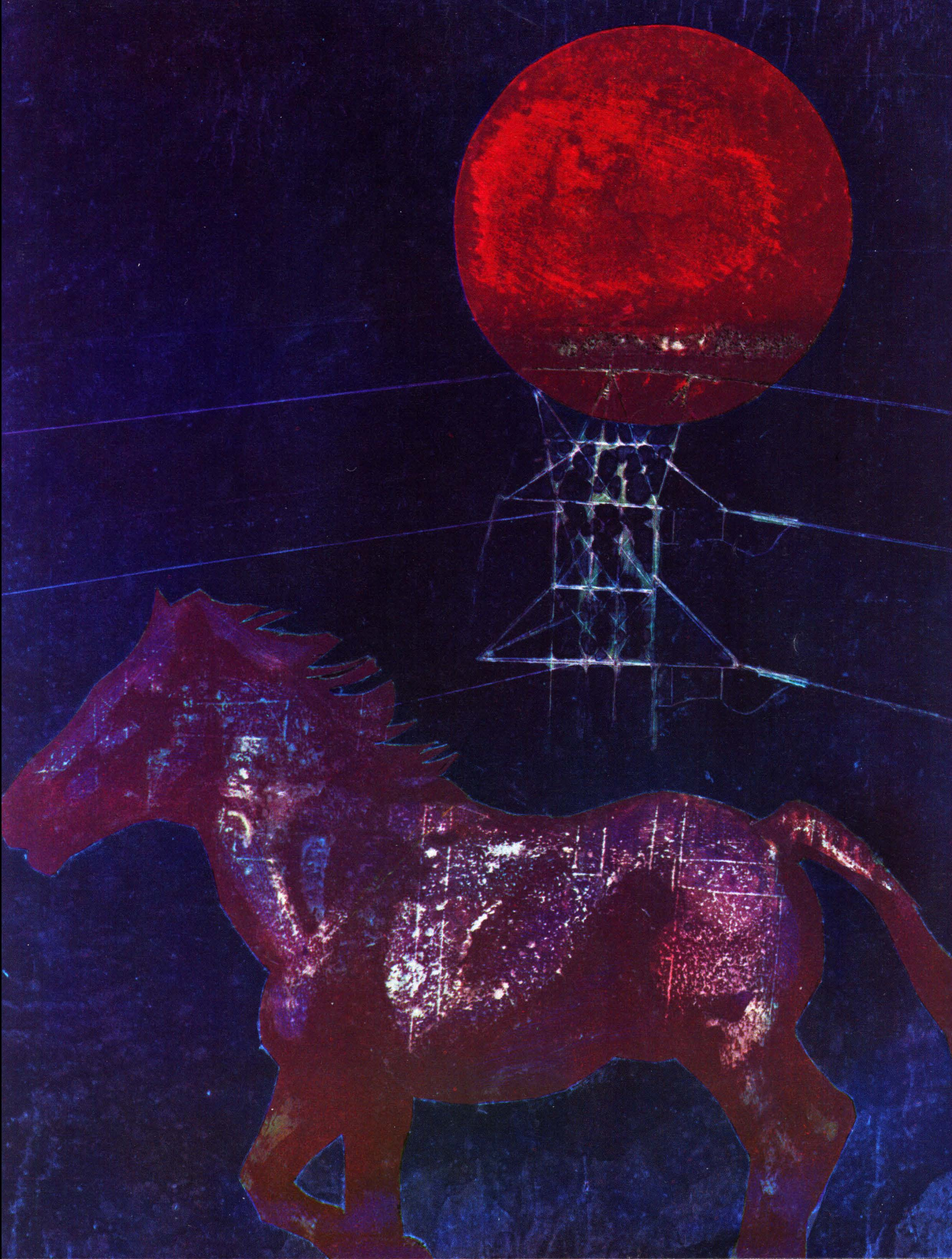
"Then came the hunt ball, which was attended by many people, one of whom was Myra Scott.

"Myra was really rather delightful, tall and chic and not the typically horsey type at all. In fact without her jodhpurs and black velvet cap you might have supposed her a model or the daughter of an up-and-coming Cabinet Minister who still retained a grain of common sense."

"I am friendly with a Cabinet Minister," put in Fahrnhasen with vast but distrusted authority.

"Can't stand any of them," retorted Moonman, "but then I'm an agnostic. As I was saying, this Myra Scott was quite an attractive child, and Saxby danced with her and found out that they were both interested in horses—"

"At a hunt ball? Extraordinary!" interrupted the still-offended Fahrnhasen. *[continued on page 24*



"From the odd waltz and whatever else they dance at hunt balls, Saxby and Myra progressed to other things, such as early morning rides together.

"Vera showed a certain outrage at being accompanied on these jaunts, but as Myra was riding a tall young stallion Saxby no doubt thought that she was well compensated.

"By this time, Saxby had become a member of the National Hunt and had entered Vera for the Grand National, with himself as jockey. That will show you how confident he had become of retaining his seat over the jumps, not holding the reins too loosely and remembering where the stirrups were and so on.

"Two days before the National, Saxby and Myra were married. They were spending their honeymoon night at the manor, and chuntering up to Aintree the next day with Vera in her loose-box.

"I was at the wedding, and spent the wedding night in the manor as an unobtrusive house-guest.

"At about midnight, when the champagne and revels were over, and the moon was peering benignly down over the quiet pastoral scene, there was a terrifying crash from below, followed by a muffled thudding of hooves.

"Vera appeared in the bridal suite. Myra screamed—I can still hear it—as the beast cantered over to the bed, and glared down at them. They both lay there, paralysed, wondering if at any moment they were going to be savaged and rolled upon.

"Saxby was unable to speak. He just lay there rigid, with the furious equine face just above his, the red eyes glaring down at him. Little gobbets of foam fell on his face and Myra's; neither moved. After several minutes, Vera turned and galloped out of the room, down the stairs, out of the front door.

"I came in to see what the trouble was—naturally, one was a bit diffident, as it was the wedding night. There were hoof-marks on Saxby's ivory wilton.

"Myra was very quiet, staring up at me with a face still shocked, while Saxby gazed up at the ceiling, evidently in some sort of coma.

"Myra murmured something about being all right, so I filtered back to bed."

"I once knew a jealous ostrich," said Fahrnhasen. "It was when I was studying ornithology at the—"

"I haven't finished my story yet," said Moonman tersely.

"The next day, Vera was loaded with a great deal of difficulty into her loose-box; in fact, she was so restless she had to be given a sedative. Saxby, on the other hand, moved as if in a trance, and was right off his food. All he had for breakfast were a few lumps of sugar.

"I don't know if you saw that National on television; nothing can have conveyed quite the atmosphere in the paddock area just before the race. For Saxby was thrashing his mount so fiercely to stop her from fooling about—she looked as if she were having convulsions, as a matter of fact—that I expected any moment that the stewards would disqualify him.

"The race started, and Saxby whipped Vera into a tremendous lead, almost dancing over the obstacles. Even to my urban soul the sight was overwhelming in its beauty. Except that Saxby would keep going with the goad, the crowd booing him for being brutal and cheering his mount for the way she was going.

"They took Becher's in their stride, almost literally flowing over it.

"They came round the second time, still well in the lead, though Vera was covered in foam and Saxby's colours were so caked with her spray the pair reminded me of the 'salt-caked smokestack'.

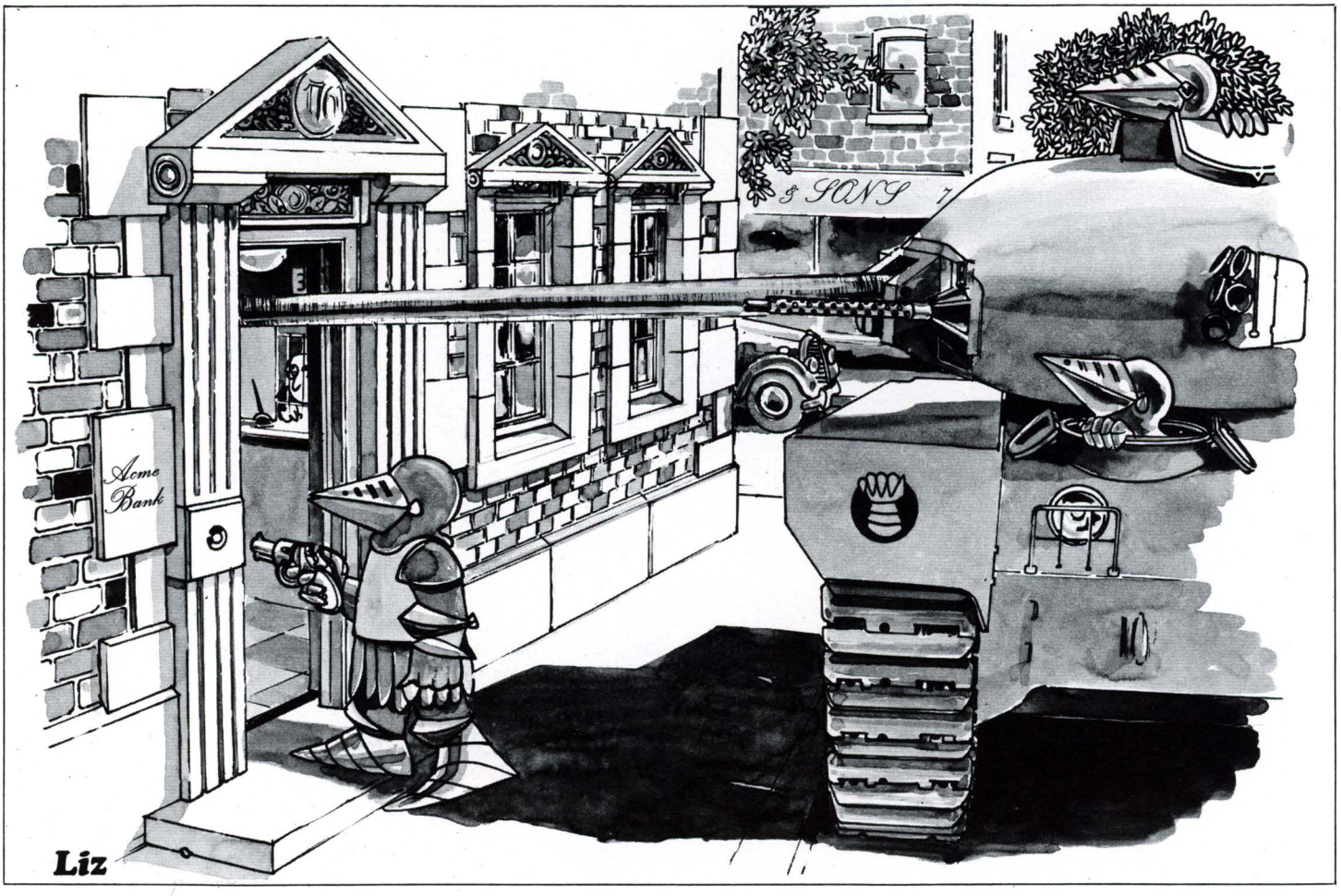
"They came to the last jump, and it was there of course that the newsreel cameras and the television boys caught something which, even if we'd been able to see it would have made us refuse to believe our eyes.

"Vera rose high into the air, obviously dying on the gallop, her lungs about to burst, her thews and tendons at snapping point. We were watching a horse that couldn't survive the race, we knew that. Paul Revere happening right before us. And still Saxby wielded the goad, blinded by the horse's saliva. Vera's flanks were as though she'd been bathed in oil; she was being pickled in her gallantry.

"Over the jump she came, absolutely clear, but her legs just couldn't take the shock of meeting the ground the other side. She folded up, jack-knifed, head over heels, eyes already glazing before she broke her neck. And Saxby's."

"I don't approve of horseracing," muttered Squibb. "But what was so unbelievable? So many horses have died steeplechasing."

"The unbelievable thing," said Moonman slowly, "was that as they were poised there, airborne, Saxby's eyes were filled with equine malice. And as for his poor mount, at that moment, dying in mid-air, lungs collapsed, heart roaring to ruptured extinction, his mount screamed. Just once. His mount screamed: 'For the love of Christ!' "



THE BATMAN COMETH

or, the Transmutation of Dracula by the alchemy of Character Merchandising, by Herb Greer

ILLUSTRATION BY GUCCIONE

ONCE UPON A TIME THE HUMAN IMAGINATION FUSED STORIES OF BLOOD-sucking bats with superstitious fear of the walking dead. The resulting middle-European alloy was called a vampire. It was a creature that skulked about the landscape at night swathed in a black cape, sucking at unwary throats, hurrying back to its coffin at dawn. A stake driven through the heart could destroy it, and it could (some said) be killed by a silver bullet, marked with a cross and suitably blessed. The most famous vampire was Dracula, the villain of a novel by Bram Stoker. It was filmed in the 1930s and again after the war, and Dracula has his place in the horror hall of fame, beside Frankenstein's monster, the Wolf Man, Abbot and Costello, Quasimodo and the rest.

About 1939 something odd happened to the vampire idea. It underwent a startling change, and Dracula acquired a kind of kickin' cousin. The new offspring still showed certain family traits. He looked like a bat, sort of. His movements were nocturnal and shrouded in a black cape. And he usually hurried back to his Batcave at dawn. But there the resemblance altered, drastically. For this new creature was American, and like any good American, he revolted against his European parentage and tradition.

For one thing, he did not skulk. He roared around at night in a Batmobile, or he swung from cornices and ledges on a special thin cable which he carried with him (along with tear gas and other useful gadgets). As a millionaire he was true to the aristocratic vampire tradition (Dracula was a Count), but American city air affected his diet. Instead of blood he consumed the normal fare of a man-about-town—and mostly in the daytime. Supper was the only concession he made to the old vampire feeding habits—but only in eating it after dark. Like his old-world uncle, Batman did acquire a helper which was named for a flying creature. But the creature was benign and not even nocturnal: Robin. And Robin's costume abandoned vampire black for a bright red-breasted affair. Being younger than Batman, Robin was obviously that much farther away from the old country's tradition.

All these innovations might have been forgiven by Uncle Dracula and his second and third cousins in the horror hall of fame. Not even a monster could quarrel with greater efficiency and skilled help. And costume was, after all, a superficial matter. As for the change of diet—well, a new country, new customs, what the hell? The new vocabulary was

(*continued on page* 26)

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tricky, true enough. There was an excessive use of the word "HOLY" which might have pained the old uncle (who had been known to blanch at the mere sight of a cross). i.e.—*Holy Alphabet, Holy Barracuda,* and so on. But even that was only a manner of speaking. There was something else which went much deeper. Something to make any self-disgusting monster turn livid fuschia with shame: Batman and Robin were GOOD GUYS. They used their capes, their fists, their feet, their Bat-mobile, and all their modern tricks to *defend* the very kind of schlemazl which had furnished such tasty sipping for their aristocratic old-world uncle.

In short, they turned on their own kind. No maniac, no outlaw, not a single half-human creature (such as The Penguin—half bird—or the Joker—half playing-card) was safe from their depredations on the side of law and order. Batman and Robin foiled the fiends, one and all—as surely as their uncle in the old country would have cheered the madmen on.

As a matter of fact it's not known whether Bob Kane was really inspired by Dracula when he invented Batman in 1939. At this writing he was too far away to ask, and the odds may be against it. What is certain is that Batman proved much hardier than Dracula. He survived innumerable machinations of innumerable villains, including the nefarious Dr Daka in World War II. But like Dracula, he did have his weakness. It was discovered after the war, in the 1950s.

The decade was a peculiar one. Lots of people, like Senator McCarthy in politics, were seized by a conviction which was not really new, but seemed to have new force: they believed they had discovered the source of all sin, crime, damnation, delinquency, and other things too horrible to mention. Everyone is familiar with the famous Senator's views on that point. But outside of politics, in what we might (stretching a point) call the realm of aesthetics, there were people with equally strong convictions. Posing as the nation's conscience, they proclaimed a wonderful and simple answer to all the human afflictions which centuries of religious, moral, philosophical, social, political, and other struggles had failed to banish. There in 1950-ish America they had found the cure for sin, crime, damnation, delinquency, and those other things too horrible to mention. All that had to be done was ban comic books and everything would be all right.

The mad schemes of The Penguin were one thing. But public opinion—especially the opinion of the *righteous* part of the public—was something else. Batman and other comic-book characters waned. As *Time* put it, they fell into cinematic and literary (sic) obscurity.

Eventually the foam-flecked ban-merchants shifted their alarmed attention to other things, like nuclear weapons. The comic-book heroes drew the attention of another, perhaps more powerful section of the population. Unlike the ban-maniacs, these new men were concerned rather with the principal source of *virtue* in our time. That is to say money. With the drool and spittle of moral condemnation blowing away, drying up and disappearing, these powerful anti-monsters like Batman, Superman, Captains Marvel,[1] Midnight, etc., etc., were ripe for exploitation.

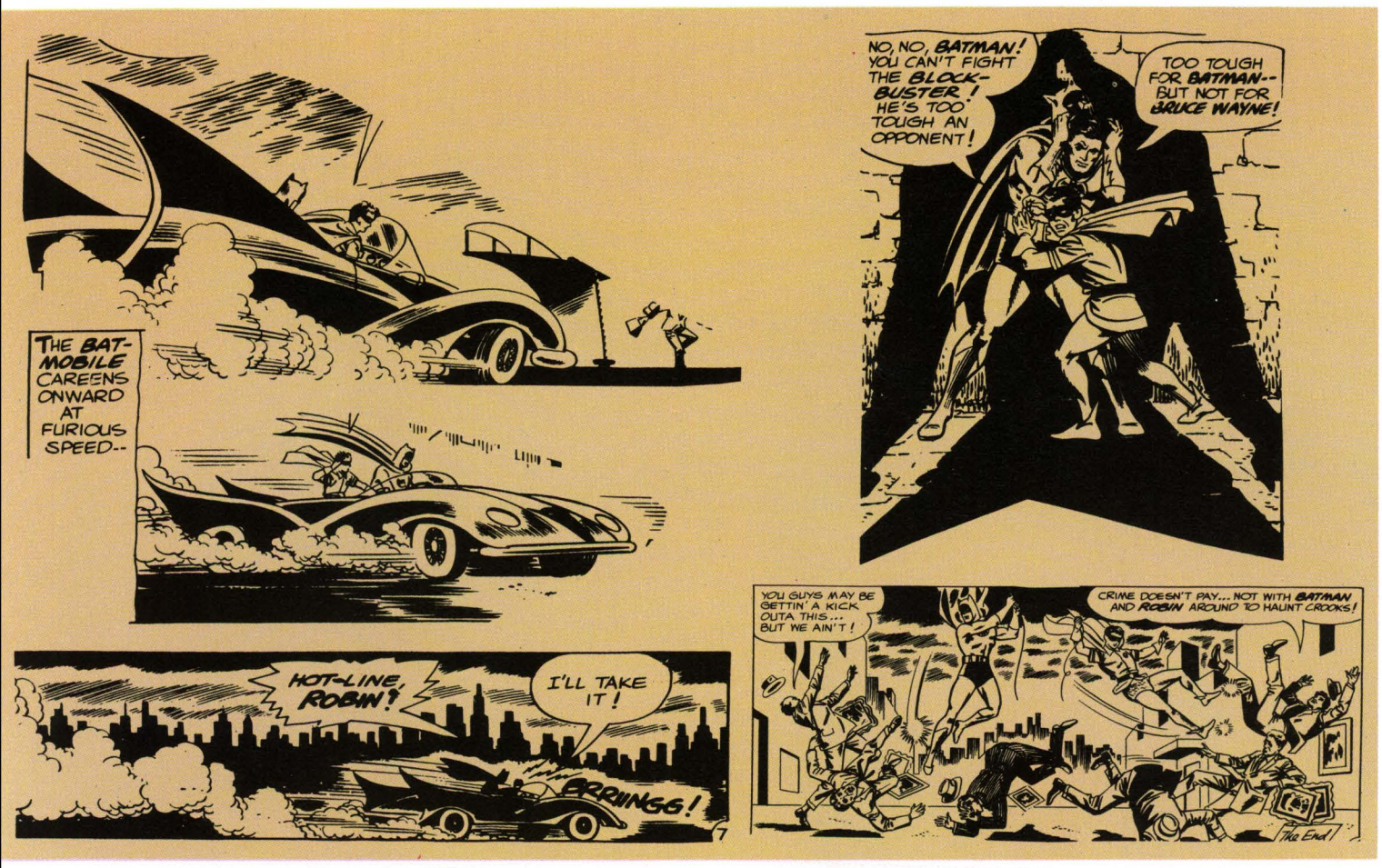
Writing in *Life,* Shana Alexander compared the impact of Batman's television debut on the American audience to that of a Hindu religious revival. I would guess it was probably heavier, since Hinduism has never been big over there. Another of Miss Alexander's comments, about Batman's effect on herself, was more to the point: "THWUCKK!!—*Batman* got to me like an arrow in the heart." Anyone who is familiar with the influence of feminine feelings on the American scene will instantly recognize that this is serious stuff.

Just why Batman in particular should have been such a supernova in the American TV firmament has never really been explained. There have been about 374,967,450,149.5½ attempts to explain. Most of them are facile and end in *p,* as camp, pop, glop, hop, slop, etc., etc. Whichever one is correct, there could be no question about the new gold quotient of this image which had been so recently excoriated, exorcised and descried out of the public arena. Where Batman's mittel-European uncle was a down-at-heel count whose main purpose in (roughly speaking) life was sucking up blood, Batman was now a great black creature whose main function was sucking up money.[2]

The sorcerers who transformed a simple comic-book character into this mountain of golden virtue are the Character Merchandising Men. Taking this creature which had become so socko with American audiences, they began to work their spells with it. The Licensing Corporation of America (which also handles James Bond, Superman, Modesty Blaise,

1 By all odds the first and greatest of them all, Superman, should have been the greatest revival. But when he was exposed to the public on TV he faded. He has been revived as the hero of a current Broadway musical, though. Not a bird or a plane, but the kind of eagle you see on silver dollars.

2 As for other values, Miss Alexander found Batman more entertaining than the Marat-Sade, so that we can be sure of her excellent taste. She clearly knows the difference between dull, pretentious drivel, and good clean fun-drivel. If only Kenneth Tynan will condemn Batman with his usual flourish, Batman's credentials will be firmly established in Britain.



Aquaman, The Book of Knowledge, Pat Boone, and somebody called Gomer Pyle) believes that Batman in America alone can be parlayed into upwards of $40,000,000—yes, son, forty-million-dollars. This will be done through varying tie-ups with toy and games companies, clothes manufacturers, and accessory-makers. Just in America.

On Friday, March 11 of this year the *Daily Mail* carried an item by Jeffrey Blyth, from Miami Beach, Florida. He noted that Prince Philip, was was staying in a $100-a-night penthouse (where else) at the time, had invited Frank Sinatra for a drink and then tuned in on the Batman TV show. When someone informed Philip that it was a top show in America, he told them he already knew that. As with many other things, the Royal gesture was a weathercock for Britain. Batman played the Columbia Theatre as a strung-together serial 4½ hours long. It is now doing well in various independent cinemas. From May 21 television viewers in the North and Midlands will see Batman on their glimmering screens. He will take longer to get to London—perhaps because of the cinema exposure. Maybe it depends how well the viewers respond in the provinces. No one is saying. But maybe Londoners will get a look at Batman in July.

However well the TV people do out of Batman, the alchemists expect to do better. In fact, Britain contains the biggest Character Merchandising firm in the world outside of the United States.[3] This is Mervyn Brodie & Associates, who are working with Walter Tuckwell & Associates on the exploitation of Batman in the world outside of America. In Britain alone they expect to make some two million pounds in the first year alone. And in Japan, which is the next biggest field for this particular brand of alchemy, they see a profit of several millions more.

Just how do they plan to make all this money? Well, after examining the character as it appears in the Batman scripts and then evaluating the market, country by country, the alchemists approach a number of reliable manufacturers in various fields in search of the talisman, which, in today's terminology, is called a DEAL. A toy manufacturer will guarantee a minimum royalty for the right to make Batplanes, Batcopters, Batcuffs, Batarangs (like a boomerang but shaped like Batwings), Batboats, Batmagic sets, Batcave models, Batmobile models, Batguns, Batkites, Batman jigsawpuzzles and construction kits of various Batty kinds. In fact any sort of toy connected in any way with Batman. Sometimes the alchemists furnish ideas and designs for toys—or for other articles. Sponges, slippers, towels, biscuits, ice-cream, toffees, nougats, bubblegums (bubbles shaped like Bats?). Or T-shirts or Batman costumes or—well, the list has got a couple of hundred items on it, at least. If anyone is interested, they can contact London-based Mervyn Brodie & Associates, who will be glad to furnish all the relevant information.

Brodie expects the Batman craze to be lucrative but brief—not more than two years. It will go better in some countries than in others, as the James Bond craze does. In Japan, where almost anything Western goes like a bomb, there are no serious problems. But in Britain the national character does sometimes create difficulties. Where a German, for instance, will happily buy a 007 overcoat and even show the brand to his friends, an Englishman—especially a short, fat, ugly Englishman—tends to feel like an idiot if he asks for such a thing in a shop. Toys are tricky too. Where they may be designed for children, they are mostly bought for the children by adults. So they must appeal to adults, too, sort of. The surging success of Character Merchandising testifies eloquently to the skill with which Disney, Brodie and Tuckwell and others have solved these problems.

There is, of course, still the question of how the larger British public will react to Batman—or whether there will be any reaction at all. The serial film has had good response, and surely the smarter levels of society will embrace Batman as a source of jokes, camp chitchat, pop-art, pseudo-intellectualism, folk-hero burbling, and so on. But the chichi crowd does not furnish the bulk support on which TV and toymakers rely. Public fancy in Britain is notoriously capricious with the commercial American idiom. It was not nourished, as today's American adults were, on a heavy diet of comic-book super-heroes—Captain Marvel, Superman, Batman, The Green Hornet, The Shadow (heh, heh, heh), and the other fantasies which gave growing up in 1930-40 America such a particular and unforgettable flavour.

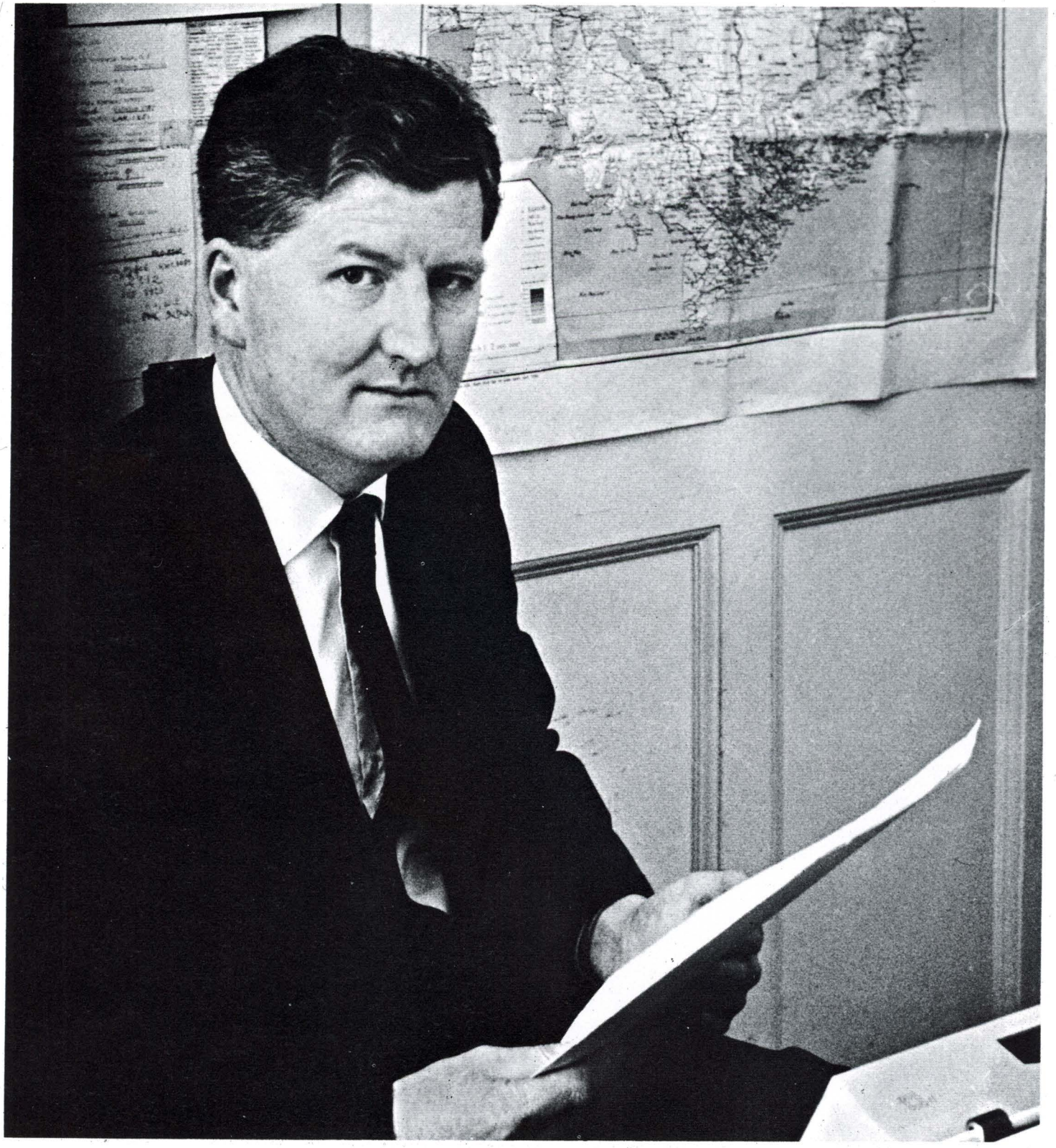
Batman isn't likely to ring any nostalgic hero-bells in Britain. Super-heroes of the old school tend to take the Sherlock Holmes image, which is a far cry from Batmobiles and Batcopters and teargas capsules in the belt. And contemporary (anti) heroes in Britain are moulded along the lines of over-romanticized surly gits like Jimmy Porter and Arthur Seaton. So it's still a question as to whether Batman will explode brilliantly in the British sky or not. But the sorcerers, churning up their alchemic ballyhoo, seem confident, and if Batman doesn't take wing, it won't be for lack of trying.

[3]The biggest in the world is Walt Disney, who has been exploiting images of a different kind for some 30 years, with incredible success.

PENTHOUSE

VIETNAM: A BREATH OF AUTHORITY

P. J. HONEY TALKS TO PENTHOUSE



It has been the consistent policy of PENTHOUSE *to present informed discussion of the most controversial issues of the day. The war in Vietnam, seemingly distant, and yet dangerous enough to be a potential threat to the lives of people living as far away from Asia as Birmingham and Bristol, has been widely discussed and argued in Britain. Much of the discussion has been propagandistic and emotional, even in such normally level-headed publications as* The Guardian. *To avoid that pitfall,* PENTHOUSE *has interviewed P. J. Honey, whom the American political commentator Joseph Alsop has called "the only serious Western authority on Vietnam without an axe to grind."*

Professor Honey has studied Southeast Asia since a tour of duty there with the Royal Navy in 1945. He speaks Vietnamese fluently, has lived and travelled in Vietnam, and has been visiting there regularly since 1949. He is a professor of Vietnamese studies at the University of London, has lectured in this country and the United States, and in Vietnam. He has published two books on North Vietnam and early next year his "Modern History of Vietnam" will be published in Britain. He has contributed to a vast number of publications, including The Washington Post *and* Newsweek *in America, and* The Spectator, The Economist, *and* International Affairs *in Britain. He has been consulted by both the British and the American Governments.*

Penthouse: Professor Honey, much discussion of the Vietnamese war implies that Southeast Asia, and especially Vietnam is far away, obscure, small and unimportant, not only to us, but to everyone who isn't Asian. Do you feel that this is a legitimate assumption?

Prof. Honey: Asia and Europe are now very, very close together, as are Asia and America in terms of flying time; closer still in terms of rockets. Now, I have studied the North Vietnamese Communists and the Chinese Communists for the past 20 years. I have in my possession a pretty vast collection of their documents and the proclamations and directives put out by the Central Committees. These documents make it quite clear that the objective of the North Vietnamese Communist Party with the backing of the Chinese Communist Party, is to impose Communist rule on the whole of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. I assume it wouldn't stop there. The whole situation looks to me very much as it did in Europe in the time of the late '30s when Nazi Germany seized the Rhineland. When that wasn't opposed, and the Nazis found people were making excuses for them, in order not to get into a shooting war, they went on into Austria. People then said, "Well, Austrians are, after all, German-speaking people—". Germany then went into Czechoslovakia. The argument that time was that Czechoslovakia is a distant country that has nothing to do with us. Finally, Poland was invaded and we moved from a very disadvantageous position. The United States by stepping in and defending South Vietnam from the first moment of aggression, is following a policy which has been consistently successful since the end of the Second World War. The Communists were stopped in Greece, they were stopped in the Philippines, they were stopped in Malaya, they were stopped in Korea and more recently, they were stopped in Cuba and made to remove their rockets. If you make it quite clear that aggression will be resisted, you have a very good chance of forestalling a world war. If you fail to stop the aggression, but appease it in order to keep out of a war, then I think the risks of an eventual *world* war are very great.

Penthouse: The war in Vietnam is often described as a "civil war." Even those who admit northern involvement in the conflict, say that the Northerners are just as Vietnamese as the Southerners: if the two fight each other it must be a civil war and therefore no concern of ours or the Americans.

Prof. Honey: There is a big difference between the people of North Vietnam and South Vietnam. They have developed apart from one another. In fairly recent Vietnamese history, 1600 in fact, the country was divided in two at almost the same line as it is today. It wasn't reunited again until 1802. Then in 1858, in came the French, so your history of a united independent Vietnam since 1600 is roughly half-a-century, which is not impressive.

Penthouse: Are the issues involved in the Vietnamese war purely civil issues which are restricted to Vietnam itself?

Prof. Honey: They are international, and have been for a very long time. After all, Ho Chi Minh who is the President of North Vietnam and the Chairman of the Communist Party there, worked as a professional revolutionary in Asia for the Southseas branch of the Commintern for many years before he set up the Communist Party in Indo-China and established a Communist regime in North Vietnam. He did this with backing from the Communist bloc. I think right back as far as his first efforts at Vietnamese independence in the 1920s this was an international issue—not purely Vietnamese.

Penthouse: To what extent does a national identity exist in Vietnam on a popular level?

Prof. Honey: There are regional differences probably brought about by the climate, certainly brought about by the type of French rule that was imposed on Indo-China and persisted there for almost a century.

Penthouse: Differences between North and South Vietnam?

Prof. Honey: If you had gone to Vietnam in French times you would have found that South Vietnam was a French colony, where the French ruled directly. North Vietnam was an area which was technically a protectorate and the old Vietnamese mandarins continued to exercise power there. Much of their power was purely nominal because they had a French adviser who told them what to do, but nevertheless, they stuck there.

Penthouse: The term Viet Cong, incidentally, simply means Vietnamese Communist, does it not?

Prof. Honey: Yes, that's right.

Penthouse: Is the present war between North and South Vietnam purely a matter of one side being Communist and the other side being not, or is there another more profound basis for the difference between the two countries?

Prof. Honey: Let me tell you how it came about in the first place. The resistance movement against the French was Communist controlled—the entire Vietnamese people wanted freedom from French rule and they were prepared to go along with a movement which was Communist-led in order to get that. The man in command of the Viet Minh forces against the French in South Vietnam was a man called Le Duan. When, after Dien Bien Phu, victory seemed inevitable, Le Duan was horrified to find that Ho Chi Minh had decided to go to Geneva and sign a peace agreement. When the Geneva agreement split Viet Nam in two, Le Duan went back to North Vietnam and criticised Ho Chi Minh for this. His point was that the war was won; no French government could conceivably try to carry on this war and hope to remain in office. Before leaving South Vietnam to come North he made all his loyal hard-core Communist Party members hide their arms in South Vietnam in caches and re-integrate into the civil population of South Vietnam. He brought with him to North Vietnam between eighty and ninety thousand people, mostly soldiers. None of these people were Communists. He had foreseen the need to overthrow the regime in South Vietnam by means of war at some future date and laid the foundations for the creation of a national liberation front. The Southerners he had brought with him would be brainwashed into Communists in North Vietnam and subsequently sent down if necessary. Everybody knew in North Vietnam there would be no elections in 1956. In fact, Pham Van Dong who headed the Viet Minh delegation at Geneva said as much to a Vietnamese friend of mine immediately after the conclusion of the Geneva agreement. He argued that Ngo Dinh Diem's regime will collapse, there will be political chaos, and we will then take over. This didn't happen because the United States sent aid to Ngo Dinh Diem and after two years his regime was making economic progress, had re-established peace and was going ahead much faster than North Vietnam. At this point there was a meeting of the Politburo of the North Vietnamese Communist Party at which Le Duan proposed a motion that a People's Liberation War be started against South Vietnam since quite clearly Ngo Dinh Diem could only be overthrown by military force. After some argument this proposal was adopted. Vo Nguyen Giap, the Northern military commander-in-chief, offered his services to go down and set the thing up. Le Duan said that Giap never set foot in South Vietnam, didn't know what the conditions were like down there, didn't know the personnel—there was only one person who could do it and that was himself. He went down in 1957, pulled out the people, the loyal Communists he had left behind, organised them and returned to North Vietnam in 1958. In 1959 the war started. I was living there at the time. It was quite clear what was happening.

Penthouse: One argument for withdrawal in Vietnam says that Western powers, having abused and exploited the Asians for over 100 years now, must get out once and for all and leave them to get on with their own affairs. The history of Western intervention in Asia, the argument goes, has left the West morally bankrupt there. We must, therefore, give up all attempts to influence events in the Far East.

Prof. Honey: This is a point of view I think that could only have been gleaned from some rather biased reading, and be held by someone who has never lived in Asia. In the case of Vietnam, the Americans are there specifically because they have been asked by the South Vietnamese to come in. When I was there last summer I met the leaders of all the students unions in South Vietnamese universities and we had an off-the-record session, at which they bitched about this, that and the other and finally I said "Well, look, if all your complaints mount up to grievances which have come from: (*a*) a government which has invited the Americans in; or (*b*) the American presence here—the whole thing could be settled very quickly *[continued overleaf*

indeed. You simply press your government to ask the United States to retreat." And somebody jumped to his feet immediately and said, "For God's sake, don't even say that—not even in fun. I know you don't mean it. But the mere fact of voicing it might make it a possibility—the last thing any of us want is an American withdrawal because we would be lost without their presence here. We reserve the right to complain about some of the things they do here—but by God we need them—and we wouldn't like to see them go."

Penthouse: Exactly how binding was the Geneva agreement on the powers involved? Has the North followed the provisions of the Geneva agreement to a greater extent than the South?

Prof. Honey: How binding is it? One book has been published by a specialist in international law, a man called Victor Bator. The book is called *Our Vietnam Nightmare*. He devotes a chapter to the Geneva agreement. On the question of elections he says quite bluntly, "There is no obligation on the South Vietnamese and never was, to hold elections. They protested and they lodged a written protest with the Geneva conference against the terms of the conference which now don't bind on them." Bedell Smith said at Geneva that the U.S. would not upset the working of the Geneva agreements but if the Communists did upset them, then the consequences would be very serious indeed.

As far as the breaking of the Geneva agreements were concerned, North Vietnam broke them repeatedly and first. Le Duan by leaving his armed Communists in South Vietnam was in breach of the agreements: by activating them as he did when he went down in 1957 he was in breach of the agreements; by infiltrating troops down to support them from North Vietnam even though these troops were Southern soldiers that had been brought to the North, constituted an aggression against South Vietnam and it was only *after all this had happened* that the South Vietnamese in their own self-defence also broke the Geneva agreements.

Penthouse: What we might call the Red Eminence of China looms up prominently beyond the borders of Vietnam. To what extent does China actually influence the conduct of the war by the Viet Cong and North Vietnam?

Prof. Honey: If you study Vietnamese history you'll know over the centuries any Vietnamese ruler of any political complexion has got to keep looking back over his shoulder to see what China is doing. This enormous Asian land power with whom Vietnam shares a frontier is going to react violently if ever Vietnam does anything that displeases China, or that China can see as a threat to her own safety—so that every Vietnamese ruler has always had to have China uppermost in his mind. In fact, I think if you live in North Vietnam you're in much the same position as a Sicilian farmer living on the slopes of Mt Etna.

Penthouse: How much likelihood is there of Vietnam—if it did go Communist—becoming a kind of Yugoslavia in Southeast Asia; *vis-à-vis* Communist China?

Prof. Honey: Not a hope in hell. I think Yugoslavia could only follow a Titoist line because it was a long way from the Soviet Union and it was too difficult for the Soviet Union to intervene as indeed she did in Hungary when the Hungarians tried to kick over the traces. Vietnam adjoins China. There is no hope of her getting away from this. Now, I have talked to North Vietnamese—who have complained about the Communist regime. One meets them at international gatherings and they travel to Europe on occasion and I get letters from North Vietnam. I've put the question to them and indeed to a number of refugees who have escaped from North Vietnam. If the Communist regime in North Vietnam is as unpleasant as you say it is—why isn't there a popular uprising against it? I got the same reply again and again and again—that the Hungarians kicked over their Communist regime and the Russians came in and the West did nothing to help them. If we kick over the regime which we could quite easily do, the Chinese would come in and you'd see not a Vietnamese Communist regime, but a Chinese Communist regime.

Penthouse: Is there in your judgment, any likelihood of Chinese involvement in the Vietnamese war?

Prof. Honey: The Chinese could send in a large force of men—but for logistic reasons they couldn't support them there for more than a few weeks. The Chinese are perfectly well aware of this, so I would be very surprised indeed if they even attempted to get into this war.

Penthouse: Many sources, including the American magazine *Newsweek*, have pointed out the gap between China's bellicose language and her actual capabilities to threaten the West. With the resources at her command, how much of a threat to Asia is China at the present time?

Prof. Honey: I think China is a big threat to Asia because, although her resources by comparison with those of the Soviet Union and the United States are infinitesimal, nevertheless, they are making technological progress in China and they *do* have specialists in this type of People's Liberation War which they export and which they supervise with very great skill indeed. And as we have seen in the case of Tibet and India, when China feels it's in her interests to intervene, she can do so with very great effectiveness.

Penthouse: Will China's potential as a threat be increased by a Communist victory in Vietnam—if this were brought about by an American withdrawal?

Prof. Honey: Oh, I'm quite sure it would. You see China is technologically rather backward. She is vastly overcrowded—she finds difficulty in feeding her people. She would have access to the under-populated areas and agriculturally very fertile areas of Southeast Asia if the Communist regime were imposed on South Vietnam. I don't think it would stop there; it would certainly go into Cambodia and Laos, and probably into Thailand, Malaysia and Burma. This would give China access to all sorts of materials—not the least of them food, but also raw materials which she now doesn't command and make her a much greater threat to India and South Asia than she now is.

Penthouse: *Newsweek*, says that by the 1970s China will have missile capability—to what extent will this be likely to effect the power balance in Asia?

Prof. Honey: It's extremely interesting in this context to note that the Soviet Union sent into Mongolia recently a top-level mission headed by Mr Brezhnev and including General Malinovsky. And as a result of their visit Mongolia has taken to stockpiling Soviet weapons for her defence against a possible Chinese attack. The evidence is that the Soviet Union is doing this not only in Mongolia but along her frontier. Quite obviously she takes the threat of China very seriously indeed. I find it ironic that the Soviet Union should in fact be doing *precisely* the same things in order to contain China as she is condemning the United States for doing.

Penthouse: Do you think the Russians really want the Americans to withdraw from Vietnam?

Prof. Honey: I've spoken to quite a number of fairly senior Russians. They're very unhappy about the Vietnamese war. They see in it a possibility of a major collision between the Communist bloc and the Western bloc, militarily. They're frightened, they don't want that and if they can help it, it's not going to arise. But, they are acutely embarrassed because as leaders of the Communist bloc they are more or less duty bound to support the South Vietnamese liberation front. On the other hand, they are terribly apprehensive that if the Americans withdraw from South Vietnam and Communism is imposed this will become part of a Chinese empire and this is the last thing that they want to see. I think they're trying at the present moment to talk the North Vietnamese leaders into accepting some sort of peace proposal which would leave South Vietnam independent of Communism and in fact give it guarantees to prevent the Chinese Communists pushing in there. The Shelepin visit recently to Hanoi was aimed at talking the North Vietnamese into this, and Shelepin returned to Moscow under the impression that he'd made quite a lot of progress. Then the Chinese got to work on the North Vietnamese and the result was Ho Chi Minh's letter to heads of state around the world in which he added a fifth condition and quite an impossible one, the recognition of the National Liberation front in South Vietnam as the only representative of the South Vietnamese people. Since that happened, a fairly senior Soviet official has said to me that he hoped his government would tell the North Vietnamese that since they were choosing to follow Chinese advice and ignore Soviet advice, it would suggest that they went to the Chinese for their armaments and support against the Americans and left the Soviet Union right out of this thing.

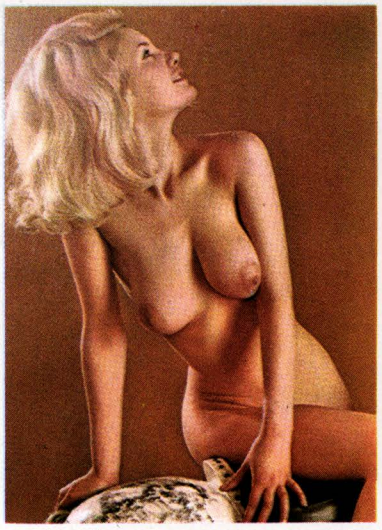
Penthouse: Is there a widespread popular hostility in South Vietnam against the Americans because of the bombing?

Prof. Honey: When I was in South Vietnam last summer I spent a lot of time talking to the refugees from the Viet Cong zone and to the defectors from the Viet Cong and prisoners taken from the Viet Cong. Refugees said that they had come over because the Viet Cong kept holing up in their villages and everybody knew that the Viet Cong brought the American planes which destroyed the village. Viet Cong defectors and Viet Cong prisoners were complaining that the villagers believed that if you had Viet Cong in your village you would be bombed—if you didn't have Viet Cong in your village you wouldn't be bombed—therefore the blame was resting on the Viet Cong. They claimed that in recent months the villagers had refused them permission to come in and told them to go to another village. On occasions they would try and force their way into the village. They were finding it increasingly difficult to hide themselves and to maintain themselves amongst a fairly hostile population.

Penthouse: Are the civilian measures being taken in Vietnam like land reform, and so on, likely to affect the course of the war?

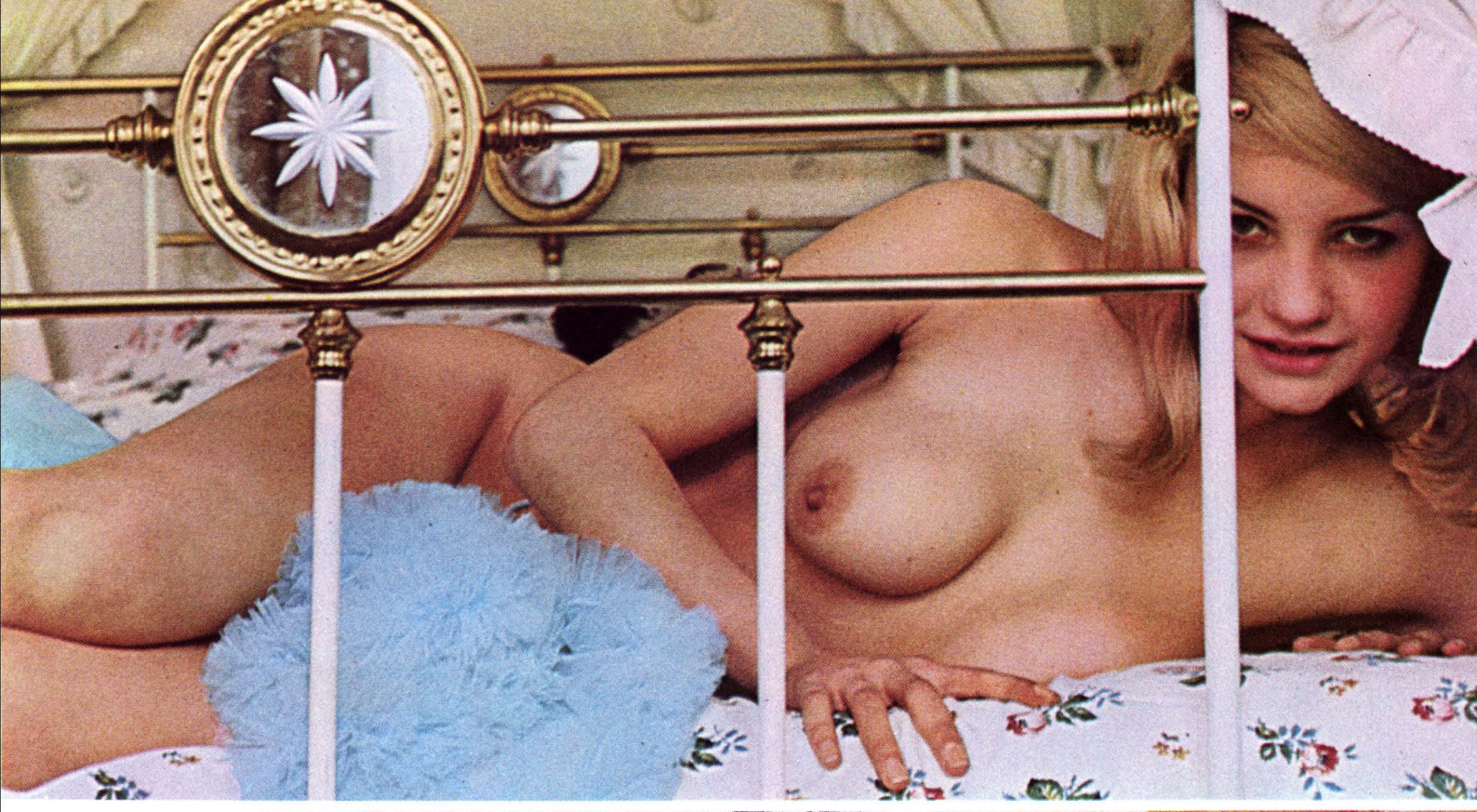
Prof. Honey: It's not at all an easy question. General Ky has carried out a certain amount of land reform in the pacified and liberated areas, and this has gone very well. But this is only a drop in the ocean by comparison with what's needed. Your task in South Vietnam is to clear an area, to repair the damage there and to make quite sure the Viet Cong never come back into this area again, because if they do they can undo your work very quickly. What the South Vietnamese government is /*continued on page* 67

terry



Photographed by Ed Alexander

For the second month running, circumstance, discovery and a certain pride of possession have caused us to deviate temporarily from our traditional insistence on never-before-photographed girls as our special Pets of the month. In the circumstances, the discovery of Lesley Langley's nudes and the fact that no one had published them *after* she became Miss World, plus our own pride in possessing them exclusively at a time when they constituted a real scoop, led to their understandable inclusion in our prime-honoured centrefold feature. This month accident, circumstances and the many other imponderables of fate and good fortune led to the rediscovery of tawny 18-year-old Terry Booth, a London-domiciled, ex-Lancashire lass whose fortuitous migration south culminated in a single fortnight's flurry of modelling engagements. Tempting Terry out of early retirement for one last fling at Centrefold's top */continued on page* 35



honours became a point of pride and a matter of delicate persuasion. Her PETential was immediately, if not succinctly, obvious from the pictures we had seen and since every rule has its exception and the exceptional qualities evinced by the beauteous and bountiful Miss Booth made her a natural choice in spite of her previous experience, we forged ahead.

"When I first arrived in London, little more than a year ago," avers Terry, "I had no intention of becoming a model. I didn't know anyone and London seemed impossibly big and unfriendly. I headed straight for my Uncle George's bakery in Knightsbridge and worked as a shop assistant for several weeks before I met anyone. The first boy I met was the assistant to a very important fashion photographer who contributes to *Vogue*. I was impressed and even delighted when this boy asked me to do nudes. That's how it began. I suddenly found that I was in great demand as a nude model and for a fortnight I worked six to eight hours a day. The money was good, much more than I could have earned in a whole year at the bakery and I met lots and lots of interesting people.

"About that time a theatrical agent got in touch with me and I signed a contract for six months. He got me several small parts in films and a few jobs on television but I had to give up nude modelling completely. */continued on page* 36

"I have often seen PENTHOUSE—my aunt and uncle subscribe to it—but I never dreamed that I'd be good enough to make the cover. I discussed it with my agent, after you approached me, and he agreed that the publicity would do more for me than all the small film parts put together."

Considering the normal, front-of-the-counter, full cover display accorded PENTHOUSE on the nation's bookstalls, a casual estimate would indicate that something like twenty million people will soon have seen Terry's smiling features on this month's cover.

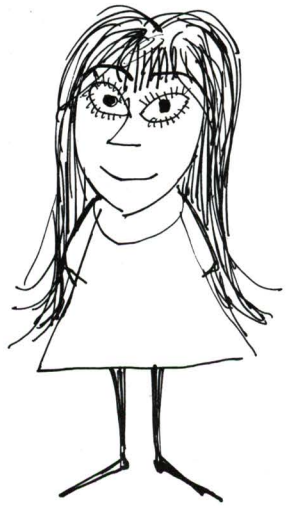
Currently ensconced in a pleasant two-room mews flat nought but a scone's throw from uncle's bakery, Terry idles away her time making dresses, "with the shortest skirts possible," listening to records ("crazy about the Stones and P.J.") and talking to friends near and far "for hours and hours" on the telephone.

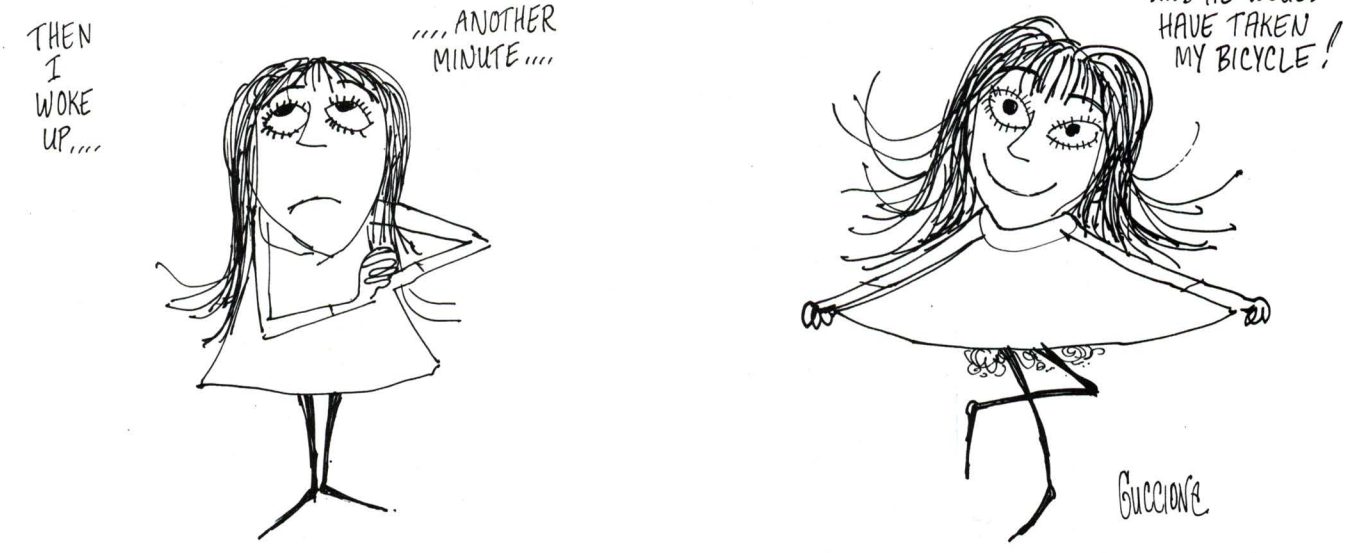
Terry's career is still young and all indications point forward and upwards. Any stray cinemogul fortunate enough to view these pages would do well to heed the handwriting on his PENTHOUSE wall.

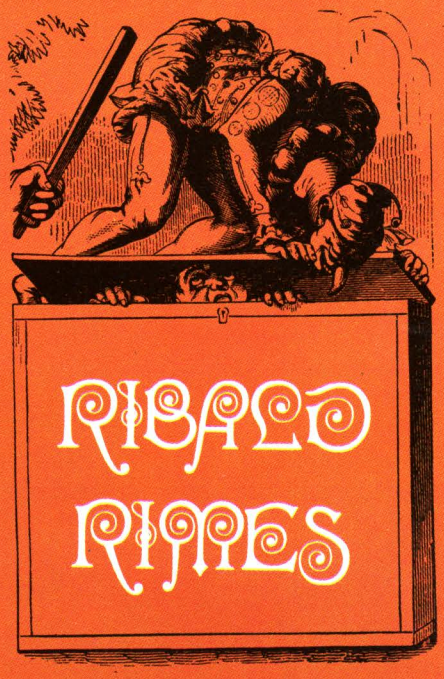
MISS TERRY BOOTH/PENTHOUSE PET-OF-THE-MONTH

beautiful dreamer

by GUCCIONE







RIBALD RIMES

EDITED BY PERCY SAYMAN

There was an old sculptor named Phidias
Whose knowledge of Art was invidious.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie . . .
Which startled the purely fastidious.

♡ ♡ ♡

A lady on climbing Mount Shasta
Complained as the mountain grew vaster
That it wasn't the climb
Nor the dirt nor the grime
But the ice on her rump that harassed her.

♡ ♡ ♡

To the mountains went lewd Dolly Dare
Intent upon having an affair
But her plans were upset
When no guy could she get
And she went home the worse for no wear.

A morbid young lady named Jean
Was known as the Masochist Queen.
She used thistles and cacti
In pursuit of her practi
And a new-fangled flogging machine.

♡ ♡ ♡

There once was an artist named Baer
Who was really a cubist with flair
He looked all his life
To find him a wife
Possessed of three breasts that were square.

♡ ♡ ♡

There was a young man on Palau
Who looked for a girl to deflower
But much to his surprise
Orientals are wise—
To deflower on Palau takes know-how.

♡ ♡ ♡

A maiden once bound for Peru
Who dreamt she was had by the crew
Woke up in the night
In a hell of a fright
And found it was perfectly true.

A new appraisal, ten years after France's most controversial film director burst on to the screen.

by Melton Davis

ROGER VADIM AND THE NEW MORALITY

A WORLD WHERE MARRIAGE IS UNNECESSARY, WHERE MEN AND WOMEN live with each other only provisionally, where communal or clan living takes precedence, where no children are illegitimate, where fidelity is ridiculed, and where jealousy is equated with hypocrisy . . . this is the future as seen by Roger Vadim, lover or husband of some of the world's most beautiful women and currently, in spite of almost universal condemnation of his films, France's highest-paid director.

As a pace-setter in international morals and, if not always an innovator, at least a front runner in the latest sexual revolution, Roger Vadim champions passionless passion and the realization of pleasure in his films, in his life, in his statements. If sexual liberty and the satisfaction of desire to a degree never proposed by Freud are becoming socially acceptable to Europe's youth, Roger Vadim, prophet of modern-day amorality has played his part.

Although only roughly comparable to Frank Sinatra, Vadim in Europe rules his own "pack." The capital is divided between Paris, Megève and St Tropez with colonies in Cannes, Rome, Tahiti and way stations; the consorts are Vadim's ex-wives, Brigitte Bardot and Annette Stroyberg; Catherine Deneuve, the unmarried mother of his last child, and his most recent wife, Jane Fonda; vice-rulers are the brothers Marquand, actor Christian and assistant director Serge; the court, an international assortment of playboys, financiers, photographers, writers, painters, actors, models. The aspirants are to be found all over Europe—the enormous girls' school of Brigittes, Annettes and Catherines and now Janes, along with the possibly talented directors of the various New Waves. But Vadim is the king. It is he who leads the dance, who brought into prominence a new sexual code for already liberal-moralled Europe. It was he who set off the New Wave in films—nudity unabashed and morals rehashed. Whatever their value, all these were gifts to the world from the founder of the New Eroticism.

Vadim's fundamental rule of life seems to be non-involvement, the converse of Andre Malraux's "homme engagé." Never get mad; never feel offended. No scenes, no excessive sentimentality. As he voices these well-mannered concepts, it's hard to visualize him also as the fomenter of the violence, passion and erotic titillations which characterize his films. Although beautiful women literally fall at his feet and mothers tearfully beg him to undress their daughters, Vadim gives the impression of a man who would get a great deal of pleasure out of going to bed with a good book. His small brown eyes, though intelligently flicking here and there, are hardly romantic. His nose, long lower lip and prominent teeth all loom large in an overlong face and his wig-like brown hair is rarely combed.

A good conversationalist, he has a Gallic ability to confuse and can carry a sentence like "I'll take coffee" into a discussion about progress and the social significance of stimulating beverages. But he remains mild in manner, quiet in dress and soft-spoken, courteous but distant. This and the earnest expression behind his horn-rimmed spectacles seem to tab him as a preoccupied law student who might fit better into a crowded café on the Boulevard St Michel than in the opulent foyer of the Prince of Wales hotel on Avenue George V where I first met him.

He was holding forth on his favourite theme: the freedom of women just as if Emily Pankhurst and Susan B. Anthony had never existed. "I have always hated the chains that bind women. They should be free, as men are, to realize their own personalities and pursue their ambitions. But because women have been down-trodden for centuries, they are conditioned to thinking and reacting in certain ways. . . . Once they become groomed and beautiful, successful, they long to exercise their power over men. I want to let my wives do whatever they please; but I discover that once they know what freedom is they become impossible to live with."

This paradoxical attitude obviously qualifies Vadim as a prototype of contemporary man who created and then can't or won't handle his handiwork. But as a vociferous advocate of female moral emancipation, he's put in a strange position. It's almost immediately apparent that in most of Vadim's films women are either corrupting or being corrupted; innocence exists only to be debauched, while the male characters are seduced, tortured or teased. Illicit relations and unusual passions are hallmarks of all his works. One of Vadim's recent epics, *Castle in Sweden*, has incest presented as a romantic concept. The central motif is a game of musical beds, taking place, it must be admitted, in lush surroundings. This led one critic to say: "For Vadim the apex of creative beauty consists of a square, clean sheet on which a man and a woman make love. Only Freud could explain the amorality and sexuality that his films exploit to the fullest."

Despite this caustic criticism Vadim is generally conceded to have outlined morality for France's Nouvelle Vague. His first film, *And God Created Woman*, in 1956 made a definite break with traditional screen attitudes. Critics noted Vadim's heavy emphasis on eroticism in the wedding breakfast, in the beachside love-making, and French youth saw in the discarding of convention a pattern to follow.

Vadim at the time was married to Brigitte Bardot but in his search for what he calls erotic realism Vadim had her and the male protagonist Jean-Louis Trintignant perform some of the cinema's most daring love scenes in the film. Vadim has frequently said, "I rather enjoy scandals, they amuse me." This one however backfired and started young Brigitte on her vertiginous series of loves.

"Jealousy is out of date," he said at the time. "It is an inferior sentiment. Of course no one likes to find his wife in someone else's arms but what if she prefers the other men?"

As if to prove this he picked Brigitte for *Bijoutiers de Clair de Lune* in which he really ran the gamut of sex, sadism and violence. Stephen Boyd was stamped on and beaten by an assailant wielding a wooden Madonna, and Bardot was shown, again nude, with bloody gashes on her back.

But these were only hints of Vadim's admiration for the Marquis de Sade. His next film and greatest success, *Liaisons Dangereuses*, was a compendium of his bizarre tastes personally and cinematically.

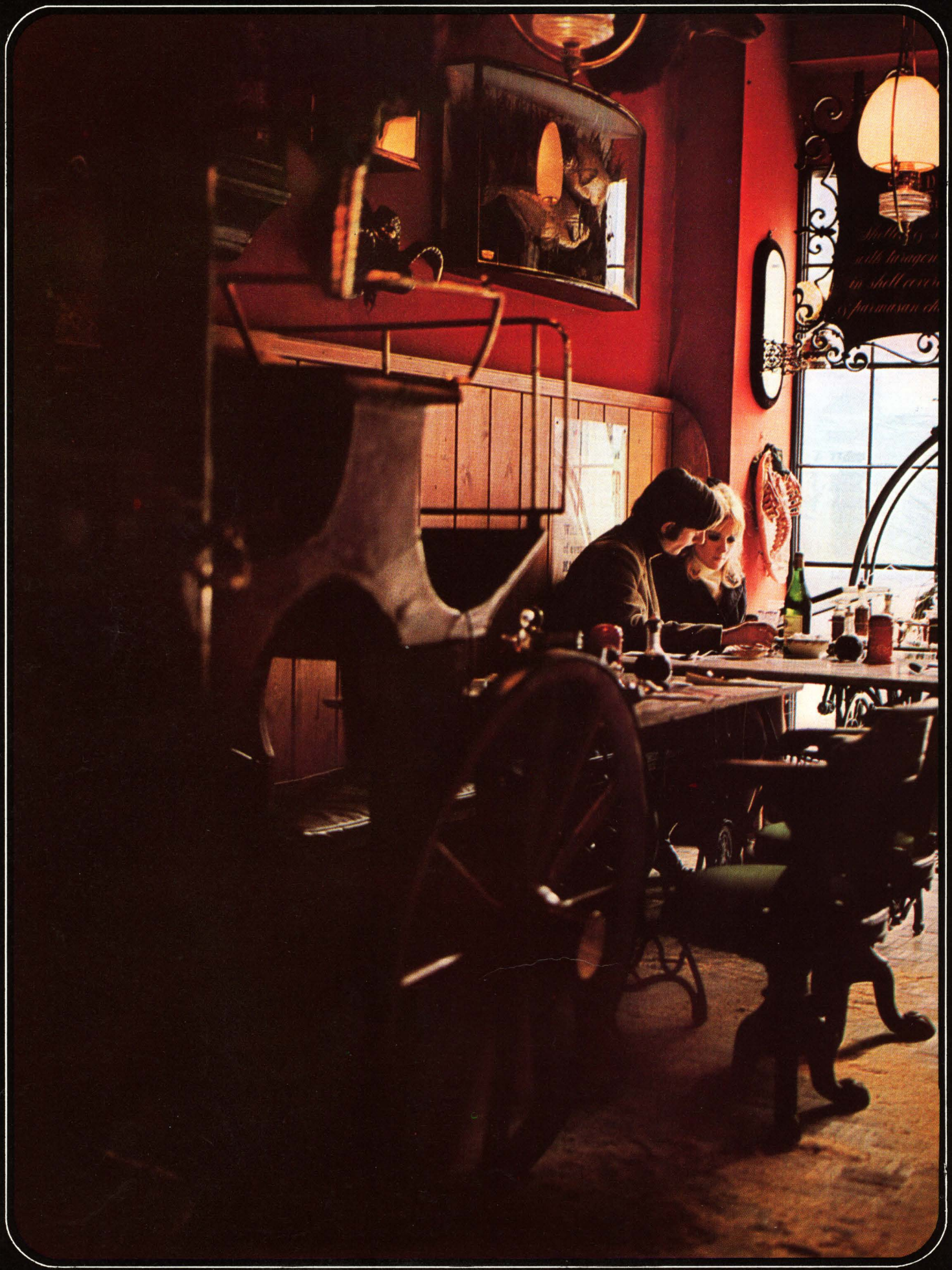
Set mainly in one of Vadim's thraldoms, Megève, a chic French ski resort, the amours, intrigues and libidinous events receive new emphasis, the characters wear the same smartly casual clothes as the clan; they dance, drink and seduce each other in bars and nightclubs similar to those Vadim patronizes; nudity as usual is present. In one striking scene a telephone rests on the unadorned backside of 17-year-old Jeanne Valerie, in another for a full three minutes Annette Stroyberg's attractive nudity occupies the screen.

Few films have portrayed such militant cynicism. The final retribution is thrown in as an obvious sop to the censors who, in any event cut parts of it. Another cut watered down what had been an authentic orgy which even shocked some of the sophisticated participants who had been chosen from the Vadim clan and its aspirants.

The picture has since been interpreted as a condemnation of contemporary customs of the more exalted social groups and has now, predictably, reached the top of the list of the biggest money-makers of the last 10 years in France. It remains a work of art of its genre since there is a certain elegance in Vadim's directing style, which is occasionally vulgar but frequently breathtaking in its portrayal of eroticism.

It also shocked considerable portions of the French middle-class. Vadim defended himself strenously: "They call /*continued on page* 70

ILLUSTRATION/KEN SEQUIN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF VICKERS

nosh·talgia

FOOD & DRINK BY NICOLAS RIEBA

NOTHING PAYS LIKE PASTICHE THESE DAYS—mock Edwardian or Victorian taverns, converted bakeries and forges, period fish and chip shops, waiters in boaters and waitresses in crinolines. It's all part of the fun of fancy-dress eating. Modern man has an irrepressible urge to sneak back into the past, and though the soulless food factories may get him in the daytime, at night the gas lamps begin to flicker in his imagination... the gravel-voiced pianist belts out his ribald ballads at **Flanagan's,** the barrel-organ (on tape!) stirs up old nostalgias at **The Cockney Pride,** and the cast-iron doors of the hundred-year-old ovens at **The Baker and Oven** swing shut once more on savoury steak and kidney pies.

What are they looking for? Presumably, the days before the first frozen pea clattered like some miniature nuclear warhead onto our plates, those happy days when bakers wrestled with their own dough, butchers actually enjoyed eating their own sausages, and steak pies were not filled on conveyor belts with some lumpy brown goo.

Unfortunately, the culinary cult of noshtalgia doesn't always result in improved eating—too frequently it's the buxom ghost of Mrs. Beeton rather than the good lady herself who presides at the feast. Period pieces are expensive to mount and sometimes the budget falls short of the victuals. However, it's all good filling fun, and if your steak and oyster pud. contains only two shrivelled and tasteless bivalves strained from an American can, don't take it to heart—it's showmanship that counts, when you're out shopping for noshtalgia.

I have singled out three restaurants in this genre. **Flanagan's,** a rowdy, glittering and garish revival, with bags of panache. **The Cockney Pride** in Piccadilly, where I swear they hire 'period' extras, to beam benignly

behind their pints of wallop, and finally **The Baker and Oven** in Paddington, which deserves a special accolade for its splendidly satisfying food.

Flanagan's: 100 *Baker St., W.*1. (*WEL* 0287). These claim to be London's most remarkable dining rooms and they're probably not far wrong. Fantastic atmosphere, lots of audience participation, plus a decor that really knocks your eye out. The whole place is roughly a reproduction of a famous old Irish eating-house about 100 years ago, complete with wooden booths, marble tables and stained glass windows. There are stuffed stags and pheasants, nice old boarding-house type sauce cruets, red enamel salt cellars and Reeves posters saying 'Cup of Tea 1d.' From the first moment your chelsea boots crunch sawdust underfoot, you feel carried back into the cosy past.

If your ears are at all sensitive, find a seat in one of the first two rooms—but if you feel like going the whole hog book a table in the back room, where Bernard Bedford pounds away at an old Tin Lizzie that sounds as if it has a tintack embedded in every hammer. Drown your inhibitions in a few port and lemons, throw back your head and join in the fun. Song sheets are provided and current favourites include *Lily of Laguna, Waiting at the Church,* and, of course, *Flanagan.* The jolly, mixed clientele is rowdy and uninhibited, mirth is unconfined and should the occasion arise, Mr. Bedford will give you or your lady friend the most rousing rendition of *Happy Birthday* to be found in the metropolis.

In such surroundings, nobody in their right mind is going to expect three-star grub but it's adequate, filling, and the menu's fun to read. Real purists can start with Cockles, go on to Stewed Eels and Mash, and finish up with a glorious gooey treacle pud., which goes down nicely with a strong cup of char from a thick china mug. Those with more refined tastes can indulge in Moules Mariniere, followed by, "*Our Celebrated and Delicious Home-made Game Pie eaten and enjoyed by the Nobility and Gentry for over 100 years*"—cheap at 8/6 with mashed spuds thrown in. There's also Pease pudding, Irish Stew, Steak Kidney and Oyster pudding, Boiled Beef and Carrots with Dumplings and Curried Prawns, not forgetting a large selection of freshly fried fish 'n' chips, ranging from Turbot to the humble Cod. Prices of course, are a bit above fish-and-chip shop level but you can reckon to have a good three-course meal here for about £1 a head without wine.

I almost forgot to mention that the whole staff is in full Edwardian gear, boaters, tophats, trailing velveteen skirts, frilly blouses—the lot—and that you yourself can wear what you like. As you may have gathered, it's a relaxed sort of place—the perfect background for an evening of super slumming! /*continued overleaf*

The Cockney Pride: 6 *Jermyn St., S.W.*1. (*WHI* 5339). Don't be put off by the entrance, it's luvverly downstairs, almost more real than the real thing, with a quite extraordinary lived-in feeling considering it's only been open a few months. I suppose this is partly due to the fact that all the furnishings come from old pubs, or from what was the Cri'.—I recognised with nostalgia an old jardiniere in whose shade I nibbled cucumber sandwiches as a schoolboy!—and the general effect is of a real old pub rather than a pastiche horror dreamed up by the Interior Decor boys.

There are some nice old pieces culled from the markets and antique shops in Brighton, Camden Town and Portobello, a delightful Wheel of Fortune from an amusement museum which has proved a howling success, old price lists which say maddening things like 'Gin-1d.,' 80 years of imitation nicotine on the ceiling, and a drunken parrot which wolf-whistles at the waitresses. In fairness to the parrot I am told that he starts the day cold sober, but the customers *will* give him Guinness, so he always ends the evening stoned out of his tiny mind and rocking on his perch.

Waiters and waitresses are, of course, all in fancy dress, the latter all gorgeous, friendly girls—no hard-bitten old boilers allowed.

This is the nearest thing to a completely classless pub I've yet come across. One price throughout, and no nonsense about Saloon or Ladies Bars. Business men, Americans, and models mingle happily with the fruity-looking crowd of regulars and you could with equal success, entertain either your boss, your mother or your mistress here. It's also quite *comme il faut* for two ladies on their own.

I've always had a penchant for Cockney rhyming slang and was pleased to see such warning notices displayed as: 'Keep your mince pies on your nanny goats and titfers. There are no tea-leaves here, but watch your skyrockets'. Somewhat carried away by all this, I bravely approached the La di da, and asked the bowler-hatted hot potato for a Cows Calf of Pigs Ear, and a nice slice of Bended Knees—Cheddar preferably, plus a packet of ten Do Me Goods. He fixed me with an icy stare, bared his Hampstead Heaths hostilely, and replied 'Ay don't quaite follow yew', whereupon I scapa'ed back to my Cain and Abel as fast as my fried eggs could carry me. My advice to you, don't try it or he might call the Damager and then there'd be a proper old Bull and Cow. Enough of that. The food is cheap, good and basic. For a few shillings you can get a satisfying hot snack, such as Saveloys and Pease Pudding, Australian Mutton Pie, Bangers with Bubble and Squeak, Oxtail with Butter Beans and so on. For 'afters' there's a creamy rice pudding and that much-travelled lady Aunt Mary turns up yet again with her home made Apple Pie. Cold stuff includes Jellied Eels, Soused Mackerel, and an excellent selection of cold meat and salads. Pick of the sandwiches is the Turkey with sausage and crispy bacon, a meal in itself. Perhaps the best value of all is the Cheese board, where for 3/6 you can cut as much as you like—including Stilton—plus farmhouse bread and butter, cut from a slab with wooden pats and a vast array of huge pots containing chutneys, pickled walnuts, etc. If you want a real treat ask for a Wally—that's East End slang for a pickled cucumber, and it goes down fine with a slice of English Cheddar.

The Cockney Pride has the best selection of draught beers in the West End, including Whitbread Tankard, Worthington, Bass and Guinness; a good Beaujolais is 2/6 a glass, and it's one of the few pubs where, if you wish, you can order just coffee—no alcohol—without being looked at askance by the barman.

In the ghastly jungle of Piccadilly and Leicester Square, I found this place a real haven of rest. Plain but tasty food, reasonable prices, friendly service, an amusing atmosphere—*and* it's open till midnight!

The Baker And Oven: 10 *Paddington St., W.*1. (*WEL* 5072). This Free House and underground restaurant stands on the site of Fuellings old bakery, and the 100-year-old ovens are still in use. There's less of the dressing-up element here, and more concentration on high-class food, in particular traditional English roasts and pies. No nonsense here with glass oven doors and infra-red rays; the cook clangs the cast iron doors shut and with longer, slower baking, the roasts emerge more succulent, and crisper on the outside.

The restaurant consists of a honeycomb of rooms, all in much the same rustic style—tiled floors, red linen cloths, bentwood chairs, and willow pattern china. Candlelight—often an unnecessary gimmick—suits the surroundings perfectly. For small celebrations, say about eight people—there are a series of little vaulted cave rooms, each set with a long wooden table. I also like the tiny bar at the end of the passage which contains the ultimate answer to all those nasty little formica-topped cocktail-bar tables—a large and uncompromising butcher's block inches thick in deliciously unhygienic black candle grease!

The food here is mainly traditional English. Game, Roast lamb, beef, pork, jugged hare, steak and kidney pie—plus a few Middle-European specialities from the repertoire of Czech-born owner Peter Vydra. Prices are reasonable, portions huge, and at least three vegetables are included in the price of the main dish.

Peter used to work for his father, who is a well-known London restaurateur, until, at 25, he decided to branch out on his own and become London's youngest publican. His Free House stands over the restaurant, and is swiftly becoming a meeting-place for an interesting assortment of artists, song writers, ballet dancers and incidental intelligentsia. He inherited his original licence from the old Bakery, which apparently was allowed to indulge freely in wine and beer in Queen Victoria's day—the reason, no doubt, why they produced such excellent bread!

All these three restaurants are fun to eat in, raising the spirits as well as the appetite, and for my money, much better value than a lot of three-star morgues where cynical waiters hover like vultures, and your piece of melba toast cracks like a pistol shot in the deathly silence. Purists may hiss "contrived" but there's certainly nothing contrived about the clientele's enjoyment—nor indeed about the figures rung up so joyously by those olde-worlde Gothic cash registers.

THE GOAT IN THE SUPERMARKET

A FABLE OF OUR TIME BY JONATHAN CLEMENTS

"THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A KID CAN DANCE IN PEACE THESE DAYS is in a supermarket," sang a goat called Heathcliffe as he glided rhythmically between the walls of his favourite Fyne-Food-Towne store. The loudspeakers perched in the corners of the supermarket musically agreed with him, and sent forth muted schmusic for the goat's pagan delight.

"Will you have this mazurka with me?" Heathcliffe asked a dishy squirrel who was battling her way through a wondrous display of pickled onions. With a world-weary sigh she consulted her card.

"I'm afraid not," said the squirrel, "there's beetroot to be gathered, and hazel-nuts, and walnuts and . . ."

The squirrel's refusal floated into blank air, for the goat's groovy soul had been captured by sudden rhumba music from the loudspeakers. Off Heathcliffe shimmied into an exotic dance routine, which reached its climax when he inadvertently skidded into a sixteen foot high stack of *Discretion* soapflake boxes.

After the boxes had tumbled down on his head, and buried the dazed goat from sight, he came to realize that he was not alone in the crumpled stack. For peering around in the gloom, Heathcliffe saw a pair of owlish eyes blinking back at him.

"Do you come here often?" said Heathcliffe.

"Quite often. I'm the manager, Nathaniel Trubshaw."

"Oh. Excuse me . . ."

Into the supermarket next door the rhythm-happy goat fled, and once inside promptly lost his fickle heart to Beatrice, the racy rabbit cashier. Nobly he presented her with a sheaf of plastic daffodils he'd picked up for free inside the swing doors.

"This is so *sudden*," breathed Beatrice, wetly.

"Let me take you away from all this," said Heathcliffe. "Come with me to the foreign cheeses."

To the merry strains of a sensuous waltz that wafted through the sterilized air the goat and the rabbit chugged off down the aisles of the supermarket. When they reached the cheese section, Heathcliffe selected a lump of Danish blue and bit off a segment.

"Now we need wine!" the goat cried. "Great hogsheads of cheap chemical wine to wash down this odiferous repast!"

Off to the wines they then did merrily romp, and Heathcliffe quickly selected a vintage Beaujolais for the occasion. Sprinkling Beatrice's lips with a few drops and a thousand kisses, he thirstily downed a quart of the heady brew.

Wild of eye and unsteady of horn the goat then dragged his captive fair beneath a display stand of canned potatoes and enfolded her in a drunken embrace.

"Let's do it," he sighed, "let's fall in bed."

"Not now—*later*," Beatrice replied.

"Why so?"

"Wait till it's dark and the store empties. Then we'll be alone together . . ."

"In that case we've plenty of time to plunder the cereal section," said the goat. "Follow me."

Before the oat-pops knew what hit them they were yanked out of their boxes and were cascading down the goat's throat. A similar fate befell the malted branflakes and the honey-coated vita-nuts.

By the time Heathcliffe had gorged his fill night-time had arrived. When all the animals had left the store he once again dragged Beatrice beneath the display stand of canned potatoes, and clutched her tight.

"At last we are alone," the goat murmured. "What's your name, by the way?"

"Nathaniel Trubshaw!" cried the creature, leaping up and casting off false wig and bosom. "You have fallen for my plan, and are trapped in my clutches!"

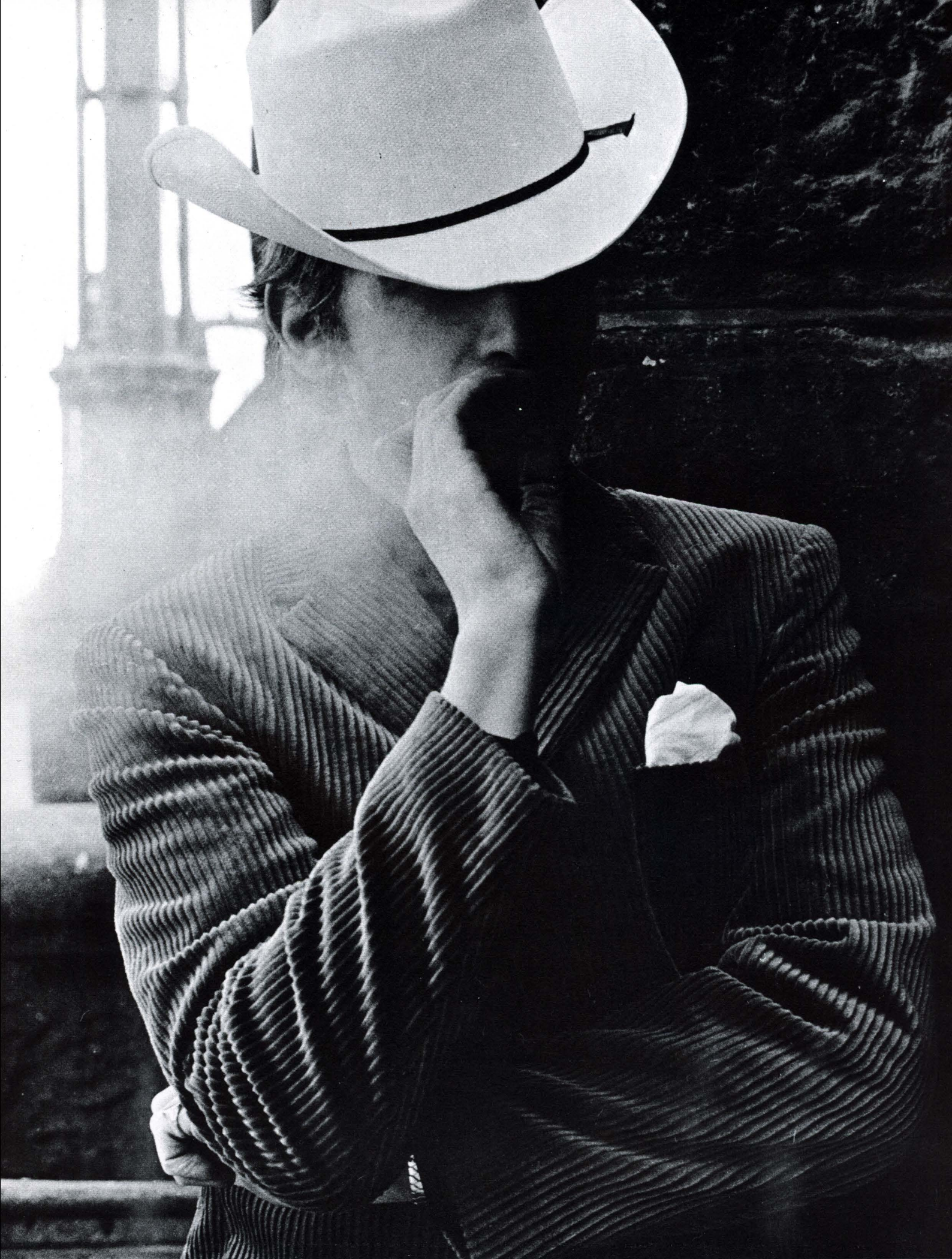
So saying, Trubshaw blew a mighty blast on his whistle. Simultaneously a horde of white-overalled supermarket attendants descended on the helpless goat.

"Charge!" cried Trubshaw, urging his men into battle.

"Egad," thought Heathcliffe, "the Ku-Klux-Klan . . ."

As the goat fainted into the oblivion of clutching hands, he heard the dirge-like strains of a death march come swarming ominously out of the loudspeakers . . .

Moral: *Beware of men who are expert in the art of impersonating women.*



THE WESTERNER

FASHION BY MIKE WARD

It may be a long way from Carnaby Street to the Oregon Trail but any dude with an eye for casual wear can see the connection. The gradual westernization of the British leisure wear industry probably began with blue jeans and the post-war popularization of denim. Today, close fitting trousers hung low on the hip, the extensive use of leather and suede, wide belts with large buckles and tartan shirts are unashamedly borrowed from the wild and woolly, leather and corduroy West.

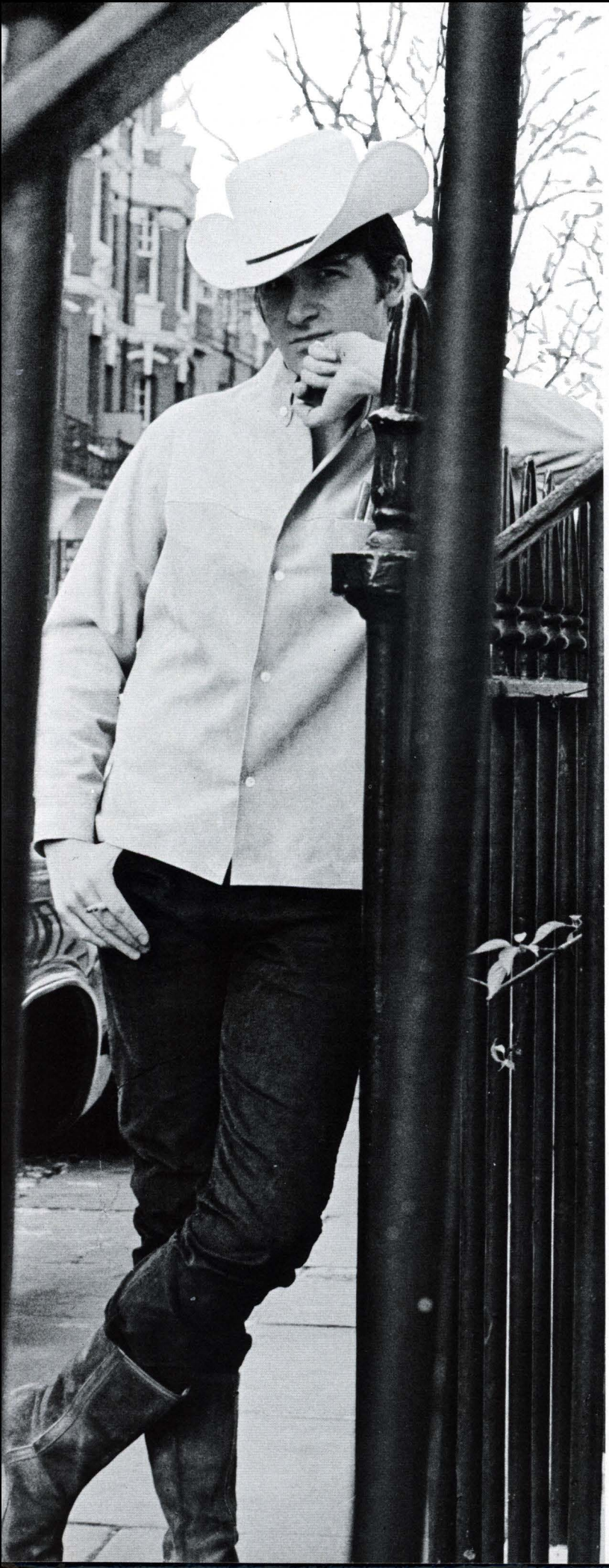
Imperturbable PENTHOUSE *personality David Buck, guesting this month's fashion feature with the full aplomb of a seasoned performer, has developed an improbable range of characterizations from* Othello *to Richard Bekett, the continuity character in ABC's Gothic-horror series* Mystery and Imagination. *Buck's career began at Cambridge, extended professionally through a brief but successful two-play stint at the Royal Court Theatre and reached full maturity during the three years he was under contract to the Royal Shakespeare Company.*

At 30, Buck has a formidable list of starring roles on stage, screen, and TV behind him. He works constantly yet still finds time to develop his interests in writing, drawing, photography and painting.

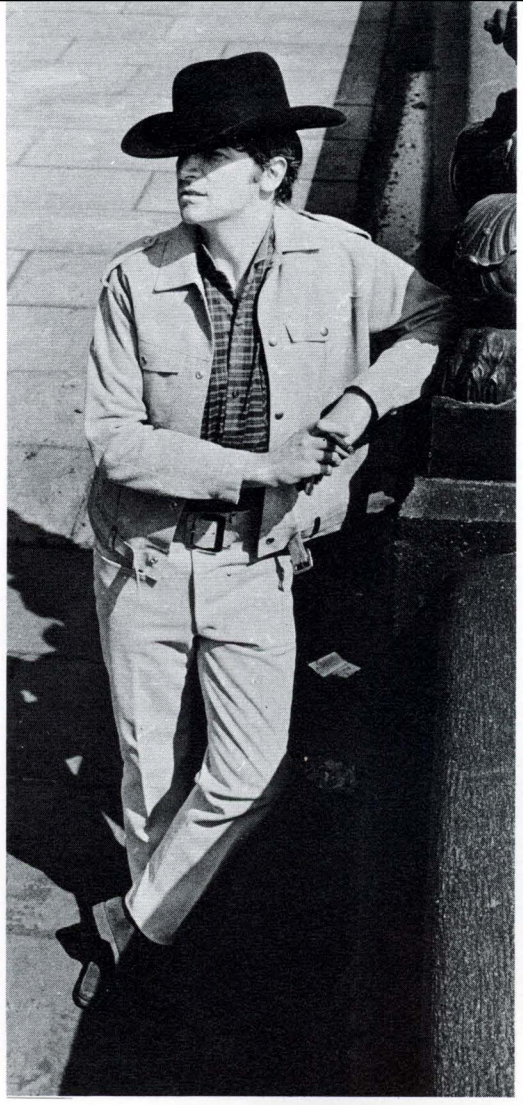
Left and right: *Elephant Cord suit by Caren Carlstedt. Jacket* 14 *gns. Trousers* 8 *gns. from Harrods, S.W.3, and Rackhams, Birmingham. Polo sweater* 65/- *from Kenneth Hughes, High St., Esher. Hat by Herbert Johnson,* 5 *gns., Bond St., W.*1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUCCIONE

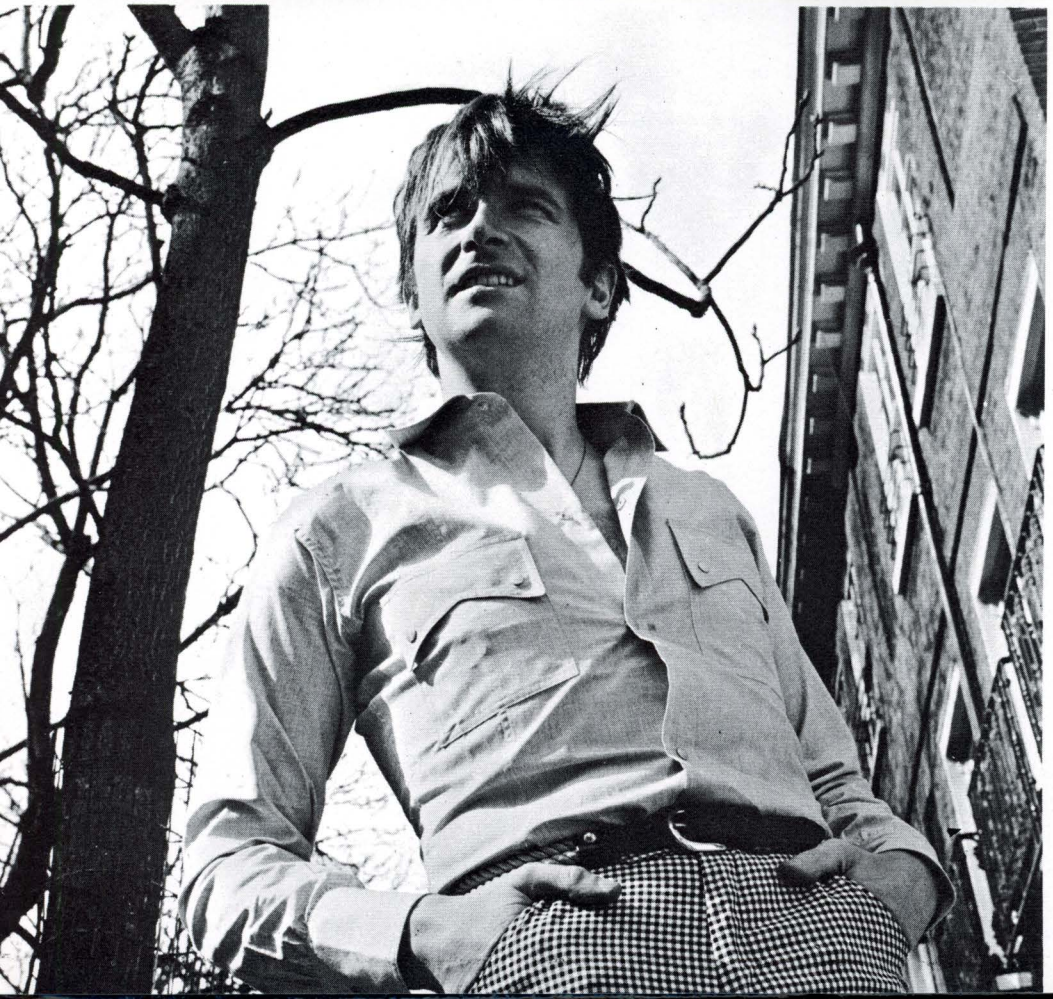
Above: *Tartan shirt has button-down collar and tunic front,* 69/6. *"Clothes for Milord", Denman St., W.*1. *White 'Wrangler' jacket* 75/-, *Topcat, Carnaby St., W.*1. *Black Western hat, (also available in Grey or Fawn)* £5.10.0. *Herbert Johnson, Bond St., W.*1.



Left: *Suede shirt, 26 gns., John Michael, Knightsbridge, Manchester and Pophams, Plymouth. Maroon Levi cord trousers, 69/6, Topcat, Carnaby St., W.1. Leather boots $21 Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Texas.*
Above: *Check wool shirt, 8½ gns., John Michael, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.*



Above left: *Yellow canvas jacket* £4.10.0. *Saddle pants in black and white striped cotton* 5 *gns. Both by John Weitz from "CUE" Dept., Austin Reed Ltd., Regent St., W.*1. **Above right:** *Suede jacket* 22 *gns., Suede trousers* 21 *gns., from "The Westerner",* 49 *Old Compton St., W.*1. *Check shirt* 5 *gns. from "Clothes for Milord", Denman St., W.*1. **Below:** *Pink fitted shirt has snap closings* £4.0.0. *Black and white check trousers* 4 *gns. Both by John Weitz from "CUE" dept., Austin Reed Ltd., Regent St., W.*1. *Rope belt* 52/6 *from Sportique, Old Compton St., W.*1.



EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY:

for tomorrow we diet. by Alan Manfried

Here are the facts about the sensational diet for people who hate dieting. For a start you can forget about calories . . . .

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A DIET WHICH OFFERS THE FOLLOWING MENU FOR DINNER?

Scampi Cocktail

Filet Mignon with Bernaise Sauce

Brussels Sprouts

Lettuce and Tomato Salad with Blue Cheese Dressing

Burgundy Wine

Camembert Cheese

Honeydew Melon

Espresso with Cream and Artificial Sweetener

Fattening, you say? You're absolutely wrong. All of the above dishes are perfectly permissible with the Low Carbohydrate Diet. Not only are they fit for a gourmet, but they also become a dream meal for a dieter.

Under the old system of calorie counting, the above statements would be considered sheer heresy. How many times have you been told that Scotch and Martinis, chock full of calories, are fattening? How often have you heard that the only effective method of losing weight was to go on a strict low-calorie diet?

The truth is—the low-calorie diet, despite its many years of acceptance by the medical profession, is something of a fraud. If you are one of the many millions who has tried this diet, you know full well that after weeks of semi-starvation, your body eventually rebelled and demanded more food. Before long, you were not only back to your old weight, but very often, you ended up heavier than you were when you began the diet!

The only results of your efforts were terrible days of constant hunger, frayed nerves, lack of energy and a horrible disposition.

The above characteristics are completely absent when you go on a Low Carbohydrate Diet, which is actually less a diet than a method of food intake—possibly the only successful method in which you can lose weight without hunger constantly gnawing at you. Let's say, it's a diet for those who hate diets!

In essence, it is a very simple diet, and can be summed up in these few words: YOU MUST EAT LESS THAN 60 GRAMS OF CARBOHYDRATES PER DAY.

Carbohydrates, as you know, consist of sugars and starches. If you consume a lot of bread, cereals, spaghetti, rice, soups, fruit, puddings, biscuits, cake, candy, beer and soft drinks, all loaded with carbohydrates, that explains your bulge around the middle.

If your first reaction to the above is "If I can't eat my favourite food, then what's the use of living?" or, "Forget it, I'd rather stay fat!"—then this article is not for you.

Fortunately, it's amazing what we humans can adjust ourselves to. As much as we love ice cream or chocolates, most of us could easily learn to love even more the way we look in the mirror, without all that excess weight. The fact is, we're all vain when it comes to our appearance. Show me one person who enjoys looking ridiculous in a bathing suit!

Thousands of people today are finding it surprisingly simple to acquire a taste for cheese, nuts, smoked salmon, shrimp and hamburgers in place of chocolates and biscuits. The former snacks all contain proteins and fats. These include meat, fowl, fish, sea food, eggs and cheese, all of which you can eat to your heart's content! And, unless you're an alcoholic, you can merrily consume whisky, gin, vodka, rum, brandy and red and white dry wines without fear of putting on weight.

Before you accuse me of pulling your leg, let me explain how the Low Carbohydrate Diet actually works. Medical experiments have conclusively proven that the villain, insofar as making us fat is concerned, is carbohydrates. To be absolutely technical, the culprit is really pyruvic acid, a substance produced by the body as it converts your carbohydrates into energy.

Let's see what happens when you eat a piece of chocolate layer cake (55 carbohydrate grams). Among other things, the cake goes through various chemical changes in your system, one of which is the creation of pyruvic acid.

If your weight is normal, you will burn off this acid in the form of energy, and in the process, create carbon dioxide and water which are eliminated from your body. Consider yourself lucky.

But what about the person whose carbohydrate metabolism does not function properly—which includes most of the overweight people you see around you every day. Including yourself, if you're one of them.

Not being able to burn up the full amount of pyruvic acid, the following action takes place: the remaining acid slows down the body's ability to get rid of stored fat. Thus, with an excess of pyruvic acid in the body, not only does the fat remain, but the acid itself ultimately converts into more fat! A most frustrating vicious circle. While you may not have been aware of the chemical reasons for your obesity, you're of course fully aware of that needle on the bathroom scale.

Knowing the above, the obvious answer for those who are overweight is to strictly limit the amount of pyruvic acid in their systems. Since the only way of acquiring this chemical is via the consumption of carbohydrates, common sense tells one to cut down on their intake.

According to the Low Carbohydrate Diet, which is undoubtedly the biggest enemy fat ever had, you should limit your daily carbohydrate intake to 60 grams. All bookstores today carry small paperbacks with a list of all the foods and their carbohydrate gram contents.

As I've already explained, there is no need to limit the amount of protein and fat in your diet. As a matter of fact, contrary to everything you've been taught about what's fattening and what isn't, a high fat diet actually helps you to lose weight!

Here's the reason: While on a Low Carbohydrate Diet, you will of necessity burn some of your stored fat as fuel. By eating large quantities of fat, you set into motion a process which stimulates the pituitary gland, which in turn burns up your body fat at a higher rate.

An overweight person eating large quantities of fat, burns it off three times faster than a lean person. Thus, if you are overweight, you not only burn off the fat you eat, but your system gets so fired up, it actually burns your body fat.

On a Low Carbohydrate Diet, you will continue to /*continued overleaf*

rid yourself of excess pounds until your body reaches its normal weight.

Another reason why this diet makes so much sense is because the proteins and fats which make up the diet have a high satiety value. That is, they remain in the stomach longer than the sugars and starches, and thus tend to satisfy your appetite for longer periods than carbohydrates.

Be your own judge. Which satisfies you for a longer period of time—a steak dinner (mostly proteins and fats) or a Chinese meal (rich in carbohydrates) which leaves you hungry again within an hour or so?

You might very well ask—if it's such a simple and effective diet, how come medical science hadn't discovered it long before now? The answer is, the Low Carbohydrate Diet came into existence a little over a 100 years ago. Interestingly enough, it originated in England.

It appears that a London coffin-maker by the name of William Banting, a veritable five-by-five whose weight was over 200 pounds, in desperation had tried every conceivable diet known to man without getting any results. When he began to get deaf, he consulted William Harvey, a famous ear specialist of the day.

That visit made medical history. Banting's "Letter on Corpulence," published in 1864, describes how he lost 46 pounds by the end of his first year on the diet prescribed for him by Harvey. His hearing was restored, and he was more vigorous than he had been in years.

The secret? Banting had practically eliminated sugars and starches from his daily intake. He ate better than ever on a diet of meat, fish, seafood, chicken, eggs and cheese. He was never hungry. Yet, as he describes it, for the first time in years, he was able to look and feel like a "normal human being."

Wrote Banting: "The great charm and comfort of the system (his diet) is that its effects are palpable within a week of trial, which creates a natural stimulus to persevere for a few weeks more, when the fact becomes established beyond question."

The medical profession of his day denounced him as a charlatan. One hundred years later, doctors at the United States Air Force Academy, E. I. du Pont Company headquarters in Wilmington, Delaware, the New York Hospital and the Middlesex Hospital in London, all conclusively proved the incredible effectiveness of the Low Carbohydrate Diet.

At London's Middlesex Hospital, a team headed by Professor Alan Kekwick and biochemist Dr G. L. Pawan, worked with both obese and normal weight subjects. They discovered that their obese patients would lose weight even on a very high-calorie diet, so long as the calories consisted chiefly of proteins and fats, while the carbohydrates were kept to a minimum.

The famous Arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson reported that the Eskimoes with whom he had lived for many months, kept lean and healthy on a diet consisting almost entirely of walrus, polar bear and similar fat meats. They got fat only when they ate the rich, "civilized" food.

There is no longer any doubt that it is the sugars and starches in our diet which are mainly responsible for making us fat.

Doctors today have noticed an increase in the so-called "carboholics," those people who have an insatiable craving for carbohydrates, like chocolates, cake, ice cream, pastries, etc. Psychiatrists tell us that these people are compelled to consume great amounts of sweets in order to compensate for some anxiety, insecurity or frustration. Like an alcoholic with a craving for the bottle which he can't control, the same applies to the carboholic when it comes to sweets.

The result of this immense intake of carbohydrates for the carboholic is usually obesity. The fatter he becomes, the more depressed. And, the more depressed he becomes, the more he eats.

While the carboholic might realize intellectually what he is doing, emotionally he is incapable of exercising the will power necessary to keep away from his fattening vices. This person doesn't need a diet. He needs a psychiatrist.

For those of you who are not carboholics, the choice is a simple one—reduce your carbohydrates, or keep your bulge! Before deciding, take another look in your wall mirror.

Anticipating several of the usual questions asked regarding the Low Carbohydrate Diet, following are some of the answers:

1. Don't be afraid of eating a hearty breakfast. You have plenty to choose from—eggs, bacon, ham, kippers, kidneys. Also, haddock or bloaters, stewed in milk or butter. Coffee or tea with cream. For sweetener, use sugar substitute. Instead of bread or toast, use Energen or Proferin rolls or biscuits, with butter or margarine.

2. It is essential that you eat three full meals a day. Skipping a meal will hurt rather than help you.

3. For lunch, stay away from sandwiches. The reason? Bread. It's loaded with deadly carbohydrates. Two small slices of the white variety contain 24 carbohydrate grams. Two slices of brown bread hold 46 grams. When you consider the fact that the daily diet limit is 60 carbohydrate grams, you begin to get the idea. Fortunately, with a choice of meat, fish, sea food, chicken, eggs and cheese, you should be able to have yourself a good, satisfying meal. If there is no suitable restaurant near your place of employment, pack your own lunch. If you eat at home, no problem.

4. Morning or afternoon tea or coffee breaks are o.k. as long as you don't use sugar. Milk or cream is acceptable. If your body demands snacks, instead of the usual candies and cakes, try some cheese, cold chicken or nuts.

5. Forget about counting calories. The Low Carbohydrate Diet does not want you to cut down on the amount of food you eat—only on the kind of food—namely, sugars and starches.

6. The most effective way of fighting the temptation of reaching for a chocolate or biscuit is to make sure that the temptation is not there! In other words, don't keep chocolates, candy, cake, ice cream, etc., in the house.

7. Try to eat fish or sea food at least once a day. They are rich in unsaturated fatty acids—excellent for weight reduction.

8. Fry your food in vegetable oil rather than in solid vegetable or animal fat. The solids, during the frying, undergo a process called hydrogenation which is high in carbohydrates.

9. Potatoes are not nearly as fattening as bread, or puddings, or even apples, and there's no reason to eliminate them from your diet. But, before we go on, re-read what I've written above about frying. For those of you who value your chips as much as you do your women, just remember to fry them (the chips) in vegetable oil. Fried in lard or vegetable fat, chips become quite fattening.

10. You are permitted to eat enough of the acceptable foods, namely, all proteins and fats, during each meal, to satisfy your appetite. There is no need ever to be hungry on this diet.

11. If you have neither the time nor inclination to exercise, then at least try to walk as much as you can each day.

12. Salt retains the liquids in your body, which doesn't do your diet any good. Use a minimum of the stuff. As a substitute, try black pepper, paprika, horse radish, lemon juice, chives or chopped parsley.

13. According to the best medical advice, there is no valid drug or medicine on the market today that can make you lose weight naturally, and keep you at a proper weight level. Some of the more phony weight reducing patent medicines contain nothing more than laxatives. Naturally, that's one way of losing weight—that is, until your next meal!

14. There are still lots of old wives' tales around when it comes to advice for losing weight. How many times have you heard that lemon juice is very effective? Not true. The vitamin C in lemon juice helps repair worn out tissue but will not help you to lose excess fat.

15. Contrary to what you may have been told in the past, dried fruits have a high concentration of carbohydrates and are thus extremely fattening. A dish of eight prunes, for example, contains 40 carbohydrate grams.

16. Why the arbitrary figure of 60 carbohydrate grams daily? After a great deal of research, it has been proven that with a maximum intake of 60 grams of carbohydrates daily, the average obese person will have no trouble losing weight. At the same time, his body will receive the amount of carbohydrates necessary for its proper function.

17. Best news of all. On the Low Carbohydrate Diet, you should be able to lose up to 15 pounds of excess fat per month.

Following is a list of the most fattening foods, all loaded with carbohydrates:

Bread, biscuits and cake.
Pies, puddings, tarts, trifle.
Sweets, chocolates, ice cream.
All canned or stewed fruits cooked with sugar or syrup.
All cereals and cereal products.
Rice, spaghetti and all marcaroni products.
Sugar, syrup, jams, jellies, honey.
All dishes made with sugar, or thickeners such as flour or cornstarch.
All dried fruits.
Most soups.
Beans (baked, butter, haricot); lentils, corn, peas, sweet potato, potato crisps.
Apples, oranges, apricots, bananas, figs, grapes, peaches, prunes, sultanas, dates, cherries, pears.
All sweet (sugar) carbonated soft drinks, orange juice, beer, ale, sweet wines.

Finally, here's a clinching reason why the Low Carbohydrate Diet makes a lot of sense. Many doctors, including Dr Herman Taller, whose research in nutrition is well known in the U.S., are convinced that a diet high in carbohydrates, but low in proteins, has an adverse affect on a person's normal sexual activity.

They have discovered that when patients go on a high protein diet, and cut down on their carbohydrate intake, their sexual drives become much more intense. Need I say more?

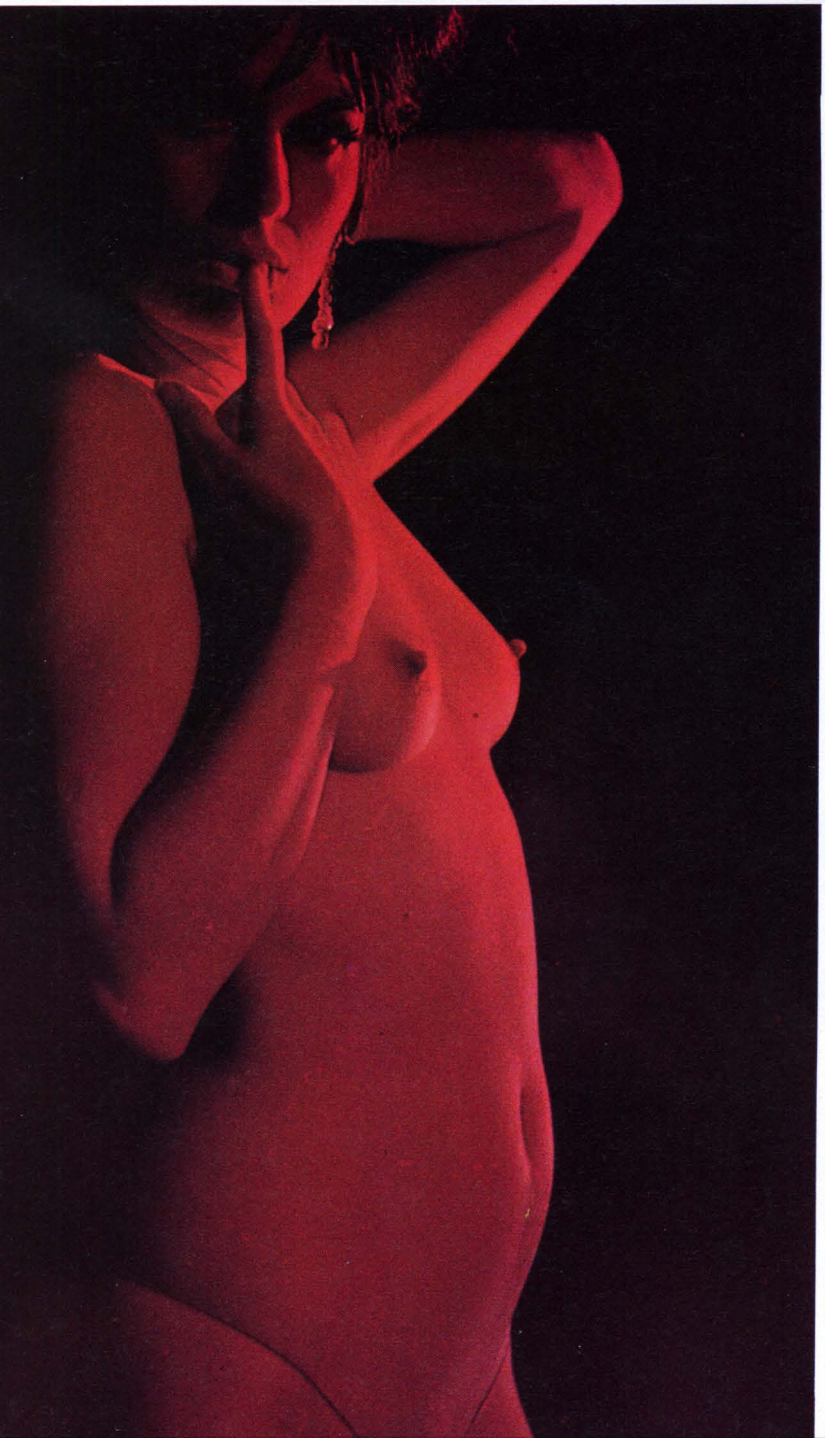
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD STIRLING

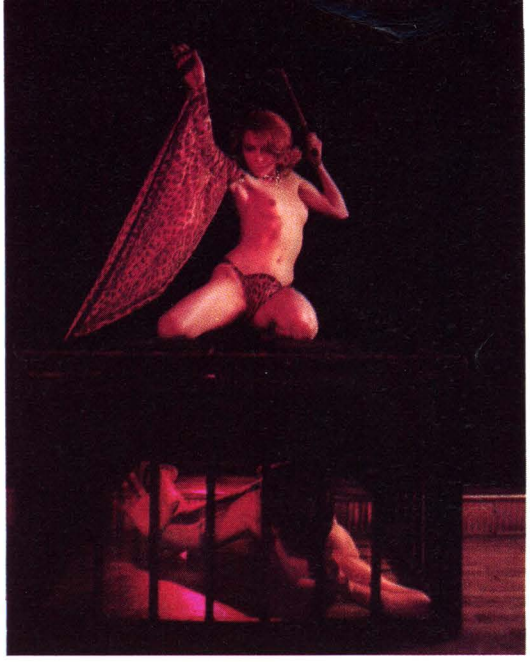
THE ANATOMY OF STRIP

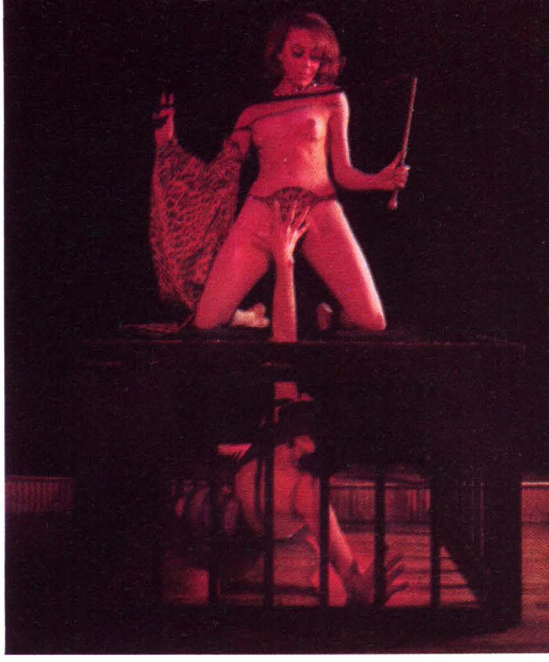
Soho . . . the nudity nexus
of the nation . . .
boasts more running feet
of bare bosoms,
rolling bellies and bouncing
buttocks than the rest
of
Britain combined.

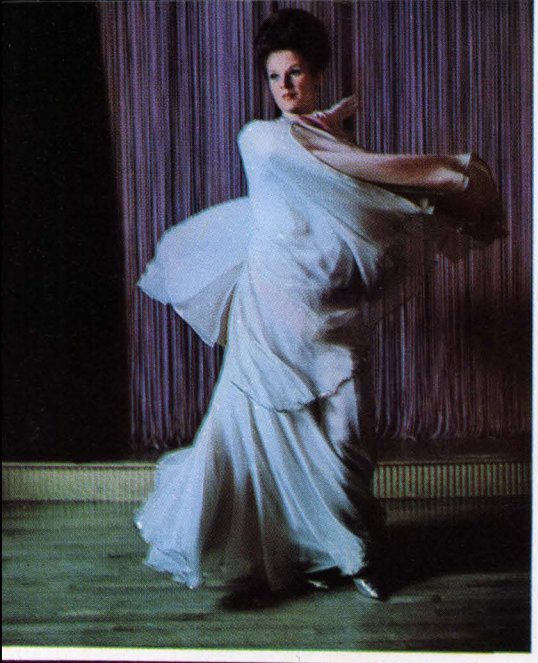
The latest development in the nude-wave strip emporiums which pockmark London's naughtiest square mile is a paradox known as the "legitimate" strip-tease theatre. A by-product of these moneyed times, the Theatre Clubs cater to a better-heeled, more discerning members-only audience. Shows are carefully planned, expensively costumed and, within spatial limitations, elaborately choreographed.

The Casino de Paris, a tiny buttress to good taste about one hundred yards from Piccadilly Circus, presides loftily over its myriad down-beat competitors. Since nothing succeeds like success, the Casino, under the creative tutelage of joint-owners Eric Lindsey and Ray Jackson, pours a substantial percentage of its profits back into talent, production and customer comfort. Acts, such as "Caged Fury" (opposite page), are sexy, creative and acutely professional.



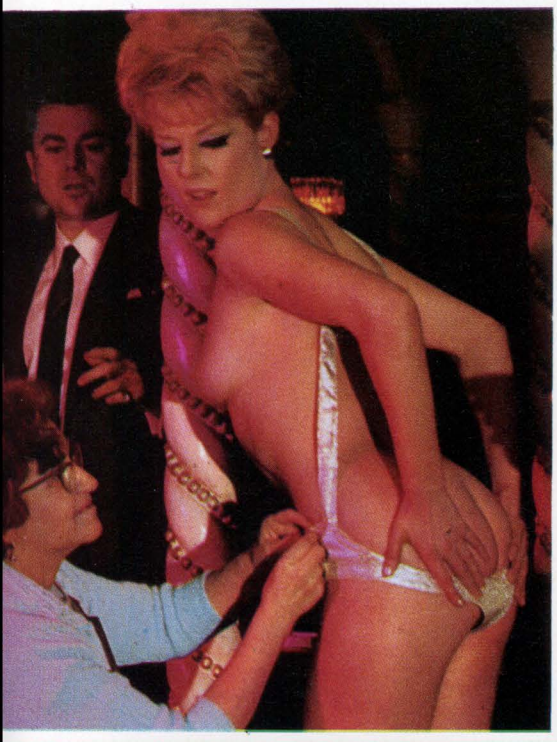


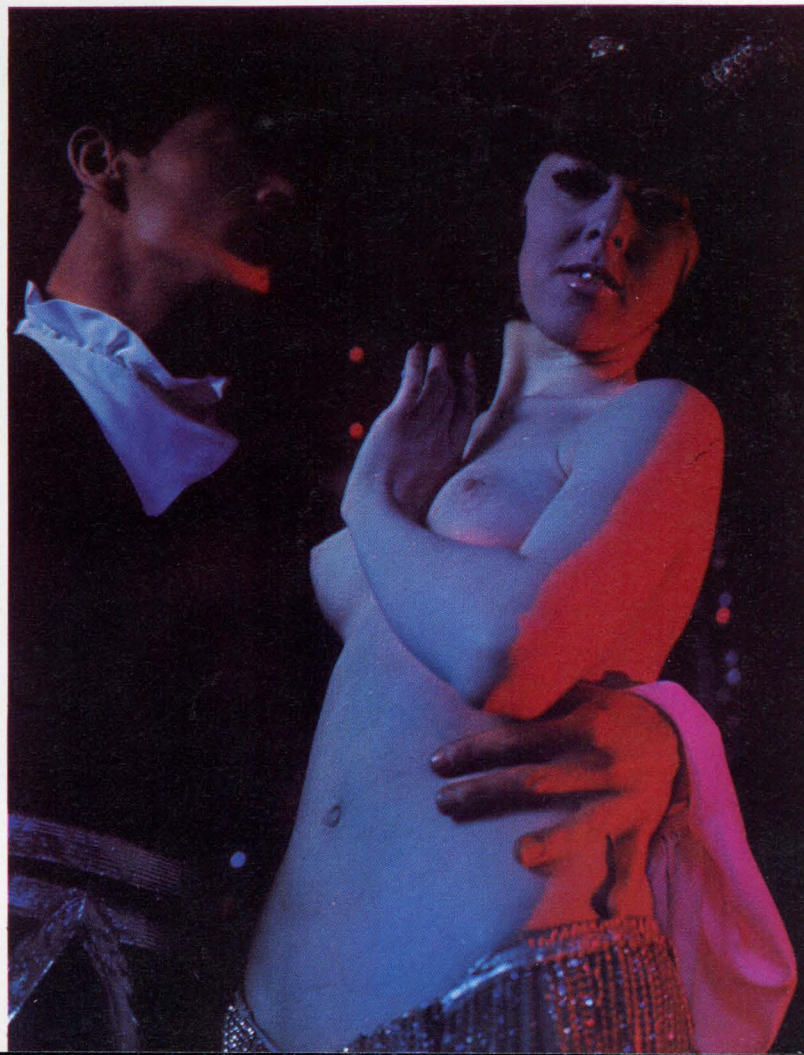


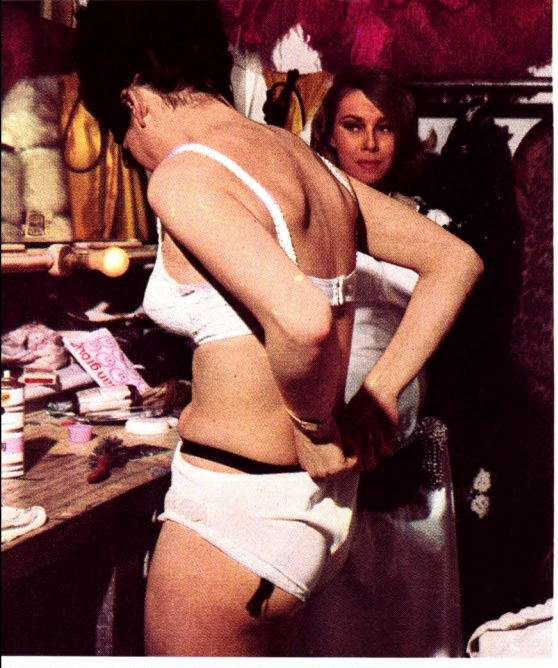


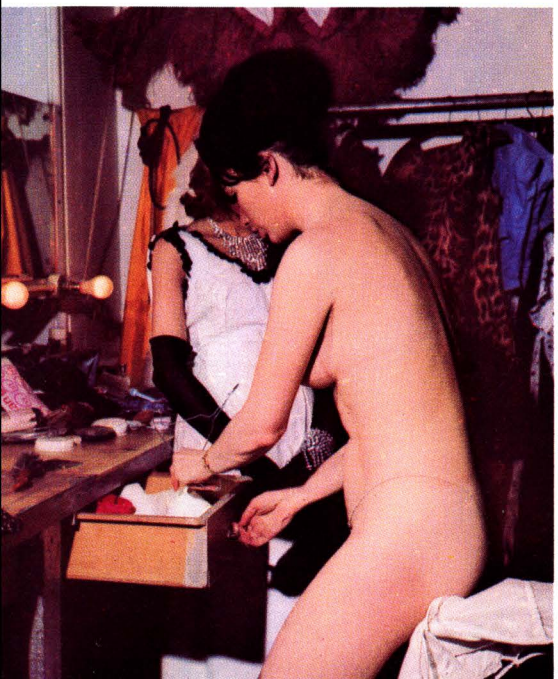
Gone, happily, are the days when the bare-bosomed belles of yesteryear had to remain as mute and immovable as the backdrops they adorned. Since the protracted demise of the Windmill and that noble theatre's studied depersonalization of sex, strip has come a long way. Now everything which is anatomically mobile is shaked, rattled and rolled at the delighted audience. Costumes are original, expensive and pieced together with working, removable parts that recall the precision tooling of an engineer. In the end, *everything* is removed and with a triumphant flourish, the soloist whisks away her G-string, traditionally the last protective fragment of dress.

Even Les Girls are different. Theatre Clubs, like the Casino, never share or exchange talent. Their girls are contracted for one or more long-running shows and not allowed to appear elsewhere until the contract runs out. The smaller "continuous strip" joints may have one or two under contract, but the majority draw their talent in toto from a continuous stream of circuit strippers who dash from club to club.



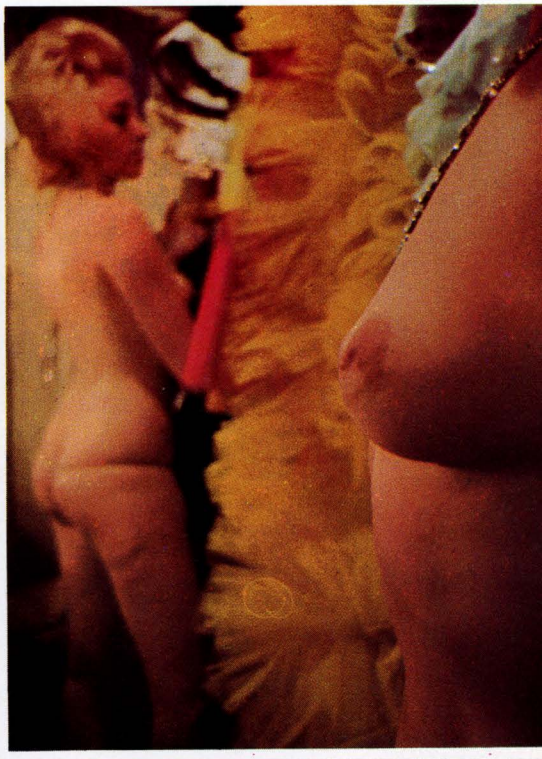






Backstage, all theatres look the same. The cluttered dressing-room of the typical strip emporium differs little from the poky backrooms of the legitimate stage. Jars of greasepaint, brushes, palettes, Kleenex, deodorants, pan stick, etc. dominate the scene. Underwear, stockings, shoes and costumes are strewn about in mystic disarray. Girls move, jostle, dress and undress with swift, practised precision. In the Casino and sister theatres, breasts predominate, and nudity is as blatant backstage as it is on.

Casino girls are real people and with the exception of top-ranking stars like Kathy Keeton (*below and page* 57) earn considerably less than the circuit strippers. They work hard, take new routines seriously and rarely mix with the clientele. Most of them—as with the old Windmill girls—have higher aspirations and tend to regard the better-class theatre clubs as showcases for their primary but considerably less obvious talents.



Only the most elastic imagination could envision the future of strip in Britain. Though lacking the overall pomp and ceremonious gloss of Paris and Las Vegas, stripteasing British-style goes further and nuder.

RELIGION AND ITS SEXUAL ORIGINS

Selected jottings on the uneasy relationship between two of the most potent of the urges that shape humanity.

by Alan Hull Walton

Before the dawn of civilization, man was little more than an animal, and he naturally had not even the tiniest part of a fraction of the knowledge which we moderns possess. But he did have a vast capacity for wonder—a capacity which, unfortunately, has drastically declined today. Early man was incessantly mystified, and given to pondering the mysteries. Things which are commonplace and explicable enough to us of today, were uncomprehended, mysterious and beyond exploration to him. All apparently complex phenomena filled our primitives with a kind of holy dread; and it was reasonable for them, in their ignorance, to ascribe all strange manifestations to supernatural forces.

For primitive man the onset of the sexual impulse during the years of puberty constituted one of these overwhelming phenomena, as did the menstrual period in women, and nocturnal seminal emissions in men. Nothing is so terrifying as the unknown—nor more awe-inspiring. Early men, then, feeling this admixture of fear and respect in face of the sexual impulse, would ascribe its appearance to some omnipotent influence, just as they explained the wind, the rain, thunder, the hours of daylight and darkness. In this way they built up the foundations of a crude religious system. /*continued on page* 65.

'In Christianity the Pauline ethic eventually resulted in strict taboos on bathing.' Hence presumably the modest bathrobe of this 14th-century German, whose spring ablutions are administered by maidens

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Men felt dependent on the good graces of those higher powers able to send rain or sunshine, and to command or withhold fruitfulness and plenty. Thus, they came to worship gods of their own creation—though they were not conscious of having created them in their own image and according to their own understanding. The supernatural powers were classified and divided into two divisions, one benevolent, and one evil. Personification as gods was the next step.

I cannot do better than make a quotation from Bloch, who elucidates the problem as follows: "Religion and sexuality come into the most intimate association in this perception of the metaphysical, and in this feeling of dependence; hence arise the remarkable relations between the two, and that easy transition of religious feeling into sexual feeling which is manifest in all the relations of life."

There is certainly a striking similarity between the manifestations of the religious impulse and those of love (though the manifestations of love are not necessarily physical manifestations or acts). Both of them are usually marked by a striving towards the highest, the best, the purest, and most truly desirable—though each, to simplify the explanation, try to attain their objects by journeying along the pathway of the divine, and both try to attain the ideal.

All the ancient peoples faced the fact of sexuality naïvely; they recognised it as part of the natural functions of life, and made no attempt to shroud it in a veil of mystery. The possibility of indecency, of course, never entered their minds. On the other hand, they paid it religious homage, because they realized that it was to sex they owed their very existence on this earth. It is the preliminary condition of all sentient existence, whether plant or animal.

Some of the superstitions of the ancient Greeks are interesting in their sexual and religious connotation. The Greeks and Italians, not to mention other races, feared the evil eye (i.e. *jettatura*). This was particularly dreaded, because everyone was supposed to be exposed to its influence. Besides, its power was believed to be eminently active even without any intention of evil on the part of the possessor of such an eye. There were many methods of protection against this evil, but the innate potency of all these methods lay in their capability of distracting the dreaded glance by means of surprise or sudden fright. For some reason this was frequently managed by arranging for the evil eye to be confronted with models or even paintings of the sexual organs—especially the male organ in erection, because the Greeks ascribed more power to the virile member than to the female organs.

Never for a moment was it thought that the evil eye would be shocked by such a sight. The position was the reverse; it would be fascinated, delighted, and in gazing on such an amulet would be unable to pay attention to anything else.

Because of the longevity of this belief, phallic amulets still enjoy a vogue in certain parts of the world—and, of course, for quite other reasons (mainly connected with Calvinistic and Puritan Christianity) enjoy a roaring sale near the sights of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The orthodox Christian belonging to the organized Church would most likely be disgusted were he to see such objects being openly offered for sale. Yet there is no logical reason why he should be shocked, once the implications have been explained to him. Ancient peoples always and mostly with profound reason attributed honour and power to the parts genital. The amulets mentioned were worn as bracelets on the wrist on chains round the neck, fashioned in the shape of lamps (i.e., with the wick emerging from the end of a pierced bronze, gold, or pottery penis), and painted, as an element of interior decoration, on walls.

The worship of the male organ has, of course, never left us. It has simply undergone more or less subtle transformations, being divorced (in the popular imagination) from any direct—or even any—connection with religion. Witness the codpiece of the Renaissance, that bulging bag in the crotch of the male hose, outlining and exaggerating the size and shape of the penis and its appendages. The mysterious attractions of this portion of the virile anatomy have been revived by fashion in our own time. I am speaking, but without any critical end in view, of the vogue in jeans (blue, or otherwise), and of well-cut casuals and hipsters. (*See pages 48-52—Ed.*)

Chaucer wrote of the codpiece as follows: "We may speak of the horrible and unseemly scantiness of clothing, such as loose garments and short jackets, that on account of their shortness do not cover the shameful members of men, and with a wicked purpose. Alas! Some of them show the curves of their shape and their horrible swollen members, that have the appearance of hernia, in the wrapping of their hose. And also their buttocks look like the hind-part of a she-ape in the full of the moon. And moreover, the wretched, swollen members that show through the elaborate ornamentation, where their stockings are separated in white and red, make it seem that half their secret organs are exposed . . ." (*The Parson's Tale*). These sentiments follow the dictates of ecclesiastical authority. Montaigne, however, wrote with more enlightenment of phallic worship:

"In many parts of the world this portion of the body was deified, . . . and in some ceremonies it was carried about in effigy, in honour of various deities. At the Egyptian bacchanals, ladies would wear it about their necks, in wooden effigies, exquisitely carved, large and heavy, according to their ability comfortably to tolerate such heaviness. Besides which, the statue of their god also exhibited one, which exceeded in measure the rest of his body.

"Moreover, near where I now live, the married women twist their kerchiefs into the form of one projecting from their foreheads, thereby boasting of the enjoyment they receive from the genuine article. When they become widows they turn it round to the back, hiding it under their coif.

"The wisest and most respectable matrons in ancient Rome felt it honourable to offer flowers and garlands to the god, Priapus. And, at the time of their nuptials, young virgins were made to sit on his more unseemly parts. Nor am I sure but that in my own time I have not seen glimpses of a like devotion.

"And what meant that laughter-moving cod-piece which our fathers wore, and which so attracted the eyes of young girls—which is worn to this day, in fact, by our Swiss mercenaries? What is the aim of our own fashion, in showing our formal pieces under our Gascoine hose—and, what is even worse, frequently by falsehood and imposture, in sizes larger than life?

"It seems to me that such garments were invented in the wisest and most conscientious ages, so that the world might not be deceived, and that every man might unashamedly render a public account of his genital sufficiency. The simplest nations have it yet, somewhat resembling the true form. And workmen used to be taught the art, much as the tailor takes the measure of an arm or a foot . . ." (*Essays*, Book III, Chap. V).

All of which (though Montaigne elsewhere strongly advises us to follow the dictates of fashion) is nothing less than a somewhat debased form of phallic worship.

Let us take a further look at some of the origins of phallicism (which, for present purposes, includes the worship of the female organ). I quote from Dulaure's *Divinités Génératrices* (Paris, Bibliothéque des Curieux, 1924):

"It would seem that, the union of the sexes being sufficiently recommended by nature and provoked by the attraction of pleasure, it would not be necessary for civil and religious laws to intervene to compel the practice. And yet that is what happened in some nations of antiquity, and is held even now in some modern states . . .

"If the savage state is not contrary to this union, why have such laws ever existed? Were they dictated by the women, always eager for homage and pleasure? Scarcely, for in early times women were slaves, subject to the law, and not law-makers. */continued overleaf*

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"To find the cause we must go right back to the beginning of human society, and study the needs of the people. We must figure to ourselves isolated families, separated by wide distances, living on the products of the chase and the meagre results of their agriculture, fighting against all manner of enemies, both human and animal, and the elements.

"In such a society population would be a genuine problem. A large family would stand a chance of survival, and every effort would be made to increase it—not to mention the tribe. What more natural than that phallic custom and practice should spring up and be fostered; that the organs of generation should be regarded with a special reverence, which would ultimately emerge as a form of religion, and that sacred prostitution should constitute a series of acts of true devotion?

"Various obstacles militated against the increase of population: the absence of menfolk for hunting and war, and the frequency of death in these occupations, as well as in famines, floods, and epidemics. Depopulation had to be met, and even in these primitive times religion lent itself to politics. It may have been that weak and sparse peoples were the first to institute solemnities where girls were obliged to give themselves to foreigners. The motive would be political, the explanation religious. And such ceremonies would develop, would become elaborated and gain in attraction, thus serving their end—with the result that other nations would absorb similar ideas into their systems of worship. Then, by simple extension, phallic symbols would be used for a number of purposes, for protection, for meditation, and ultimately for veneration. But always at the back of priapic worship would be the primitive need for increased population."

Even among those who decry the phallicism of Hinduism, all are agreed that there is nothing intentionally depraved or obscene in the rites (such as Maithuna, a ritual form of prolonged copulation) peculiar to this religion. This applies also to the phallic elements in the religions of other times and places. The motive of obscenity was read into such rites and customs many hundreds of years later, and always by prejudiced observers—such as the Christian missionaries of the 19th century (and earlier).

As a final comment on this once much debated subject we cannot do better than take a look at some observations made by G. R. Scott:

"The genuflexion to science, which is so outstanding a phenomenon in European and American ultra-modern civilization as to amount to what is virtually a religious faith, has robbed the generative and reproductive forces of their one-time mystery, and so contributed to the decay of phallicism. The fact that much of the mystery which phallicism purported to explain, remains today, so far as concerns the fundamental mystery of life, as unexplainable in terms of modern science as in the cosmogony of Genesis, detracts nothing from the faith of the people and the promulgations of today's hierarchy . . ." (G. R. Scott: *Phallic Worship*, page 267 in the Werner Laurie edition of 1941, and in the Torchstream Books reprint. The book has recently been issued as a paperback by the Luxor Press, London; but, I understand, with different pagination.)

It should be noted that prostitution had its origin in an act of sacrifice to the deity, and is still considered in this light in sections of some eastern countries.

In Christianity the Pauline ethic eventually resulted in strict taboos on bathing. As one authority has put it: "The history of bathing is a chronicle of changes in the customs and habits of the nations."

The sexual function, and all that appertains thereto, was one of the vital strong points in the civilization of the pagan world; and Christianity (as banefully interpreted by St. Paul and some of the early Fathers) became a revolt against pagan conceptions, philosophy, manners, morals, and modes of life. Nevertheless, certain elements of pagan symbolism and custom were, when apparently harmless, incorporated into the Christian system, as formulated by not altogether infallible Church councils. But whenever pagan sexuality even flickered an eyelash, it seemed to the members of these councils that this aspect of sex must be condemned as the work of the devil. Hence the proscription of the bath.

With the Romans, as with the Islamic peoples, the cult of personal hygiene was developed in a high degree. It seems that the Greeks were probably the first to realize the value of bathing to health, as opposed to bathing as a religious rite; and the bath was also the principal means of hygiene among the Romans and Orientals—who fully realized its value in therapeutics. But after the advent of Christianity cleanliness of the skin began to fall into disrepute; and it might be said that the Church was responsible for obstructing the use of the bath (together with the maintenance of full personal hygiene) over a period of several centuries.

There were even times when filth and morality were supposed to go together. Never have there lived men and women who went about in a dirtier state than some of the saints whose names have—in other respects rightly—been reverenced down the centuries. Saint Jerome lavished praise on those nuns who never let water touch their bodies, and who were crawling with lice.

The skin is an erogenous zone; and nudity excites the sexual appetites of many people. Such reactions led to acts entirely disapproved by the Church—and so the bath was condemned. Examples of late mediaeval art depict groups of as many as a dozen men and women taking a bath together. Some interior paintings reveal lords and ladies seated in giant baths, fitted with tables, dining and wining with the hot water up to their middles, and servants coming and going with platters and bowls of fruit. This sort of thing naturally led to licentiousness, and the same sort of behaviour was common in the public baths or "stews", which were little more than thriving brothels.

The bath, as a matter of fact, was reintroduced into Europe from the East in about the 12th century and by 1292 Paris could boast 26 special bathing establishments. The light-hearted cavorting in such places can well be imagined. And so, after a period of enormous popularity and equally enormous sexual licence, the Paris baths were officially closed. Thus the hygiene of Greece, Rome, and the Orient, gave way to the unbelievable personal filth so common even during the reigns of Henri IV of France, and Elizabeth I of England. This was a period when gorgeously attired courtiers and their ladies were obliged to mask revolting body-odours with the liberal use of strong perfumes, and when crablice were not infrequent even on the most aristocratic bodies.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that with regard to indoor, and especially hot-water bathing, moralizing authority had some reason on its side, as venereal disease was spreading rapidly. Besides, the ban on the bath never reigned entirely and absolutely. There were periods and places when common-sense has prevailed. Sometimes even nuns were allowed to wash; though the general attitude about this process occasionally led to amusing results. For example, even during the present century, the nuns of Galicia forbade their pupils to wash the parts genital. And in some parts of Austria the holy sisters cover the crucifix in their bedrooms, when in a state of undress, so that Christ shall not be insulted by the sight of their nakedness (at least this was so in the years preceding the 1939 war)!

But at long last we have emerged triumphant from the long struggle between personal hygiene and religious prejudice. And the odd thing is that, despite the sophistication of our age, hygienic privacy, under all ordinary conditions, is far more rigidly observed today—and by a far larger percentage of the population—than ever before in the history of civilization. One may wonder how many people, washing their bodies in solitude, ever think of the religious associations of their ablutions—or consider that what they are washing is the source of so much in religion itself.

Vietnam

(*continued from page* 30)

now doing is planning a follow-up to the liberation of an area by the army—so far they've given 15,000 young men a 10-week course on rural administration. They're sending them back to villages in the areas from which they've come. Their job is to rebuild the shattered rural administration—to help the people along, to keep the government informed about what is needed and generally to get things going again in the village. The pilot schemes have been highly successful. If you can hold up to the people of South Vietnam this example of what life could be like without the Viet Cong, they're liable to stick their necks out a very long way indeed to get some of the conditions for themselves. My Vietnamese friends say that once you get this thing started it will gain momentum and probably push on very quickly.

Penthouse: Spokesmen for the Left in Britain have accused the Americans of indiscriminate bombing of Vietnamese civilians. North and South—did you find any sign of this feeling in Vietnam itself?

Prof. Honey: A man as self-avowedly hostile to the United States and sympathetic towards the Communists as James Cameron told me when he came back from North Vietnam that he was perfectly satisfied the bombings had stuck to roads, railroads and bridges. Although he had seen structures damaged as the North Vietnamese had complained, these were in fact structures very close to military objectives. He said that he himself was satisfied that the bombing had been very strictly controlled indeed although on occasion as happens with anybody's bombing, there have been some wild bombs and these have done some damage. In South Vietnam I get very much the same reaction from the people. Of course mistakes have been made and when they are made they get full publicity in the Press and the South Vietnamese scream about it, but I think everyone knows perfectly well that it *is* a mistake.

Penthouse: On a recent television programme a member of the Institute of International Affairs called John Gittings made the accusation that the South Vietnamese army is falling apart—is there any truth in this?

Prof. Honey: I was on the television programme. Gittings has done some study on China but he has never studied Vietnam, he has never been to Vietnam—he is talking through the back of his head. If what he says were true, and the Viet Cong were doing as well as he says they are doing, it must come as some surprise to him that four divisions of the North Vietnamese regular army plus, have had to be rushed down to South Vietnam and more and more are coming every day. This is not the action of a side which is winning a war.

Penthouse: President Johnson has said that the United States would be willing to accept results of a nation-wide election in North and South Vietnam, assuming that such an election ever takes place. Do you feel there is much likelihood of such an election taking place in the forseeable future?

Prof. Honey: I don't think there is any likelihood of this because conditions simply would not permit it. If you had a perfectly free election, which under present circumstances is Utopian, you would certainly get a very large majority of the people in North Vietnam voting against the Communist regime. In South Vietnam (I base myself on conversations both in the cities and in villages where I have friends), they are extremely hostile to the sort of Communist regime that they see in North Vietnam. Not because they know anything about Communist ideology, but because they know that the one thing that stands between them and ruin for the family and future generations is the family ricefield. They know in North Vietnam the Communists have taken all the land away from the people and collectivevised it. This is the sort of motive that is making them dig their heels in and fight the Viet Cong. Peasants don't give a damn about ideology—they know nothing about it anyhow. But they do know about ricefields and they do know about peasant economy.

Penthouse: Do the South Vietnamese or Asians in your experience have the experience that say, a European or American would have, or an Englishman certainly, about being deprived of their rights by a fixed election?

Prof. Honey: They expect an election to be fixed, they cannot conceive how anyone who controls the organisation of the election and the counting of the vote could possibly be so stupid as to count votes which would turn him out of office. So I think the resentment is very small. They don't regard elections as we do, and they will go through the motions because they have to go through the motions but they never really

(*continued overleaf*)

"That very fine gentleman you upset just happens to be our common provider."

Vietnam

(*continued from page* 67)

expect a government to be turned out by an election.

Penthouse: It has been said recently that Ho Chi Minh is not now in control of the war effort. If that's true, who are the men who have taken over from him? How likely are they to negotiate with the United States in South Vietnam?

Prof. Honey: It's perfectly true that Ho Chi Minh is now suffering from advancing senility. Physically he is still quite fit, but mentally he has periods in which his mind isn't functioning at all, interspersed with periods when he's quite lucid. He hasn't been allowed to take part in political decision-making for about 18 months as near as I can guess. The man who is now heading the party is a man called Le Duan who set up the Viet Cong in the South. He controls an effective majority of at least six out of 10 in the North Vietnamese Politburo. In effect this makes him the one man who is calling all the shots in North Vietnam. Now he has consistently criticised the ending of wars by negotiations before a victory on the battlefield. Consequently, it will be extremely difficult for him now, after saying all this for so many years, to accept peace negotiations before the war is being won on the ground. Secondly, he's risen to his present position in the Party largely because of the success of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. If his Viet Cong don't manage to pull off a victory in South Vietnam his enemies are going to hold him guilty of just about the most colossal political error that it's conceivable for a Communist leader to make. So he's under terribly strong pressures for personal reasons and reasons of personal ambition: (*a*) to disregard any appeals for negotiations, and (*b*) to push this damn war in South Vietnam as hard as he possibly can in the hopes that somehow or other, whatever the cost is going to be, he is going to get his Viet Cong through to final victory.

Penthouse: You said that you are in possession of documents from the Politburo of the North Vietnamese authorities. What are these documents?

Prof. Honey: I have a very large collection indeed of documents. Many of the top-level Communist ones for the North Vietnamese Communist Party do date from the French war. In addition to those I have many hundreds of documents which have been captured from the Viet Cong, or have been handed over by Viet Cong defectors. The majority of them are available for bona fide scholars to copy and consult in Saigon. They exist in archive form—they are being catalogued and studied.

Penthouse: What is the nature of these documents?

Prof. Honey: I have documents from their Central Committee ranging right down to directives of their provincial committees, their district committees, and so on. The particular document which deals with the takeover of South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia is in fact a top secret directive of the North Vietnamese Communist Party Central Committee. It's a very old one—it was issued in November 1951—it was captured by the French army when they overran Viet Minh headquarters—and it seems to me that absolutely nothing, not one word of the policy set out in this document has changed since. It's a long, detailed document for reading by senior members of the Party only. It sets out all along the line what the targets are and how they are to be achieved and it is almost a guide book to what has happened since.

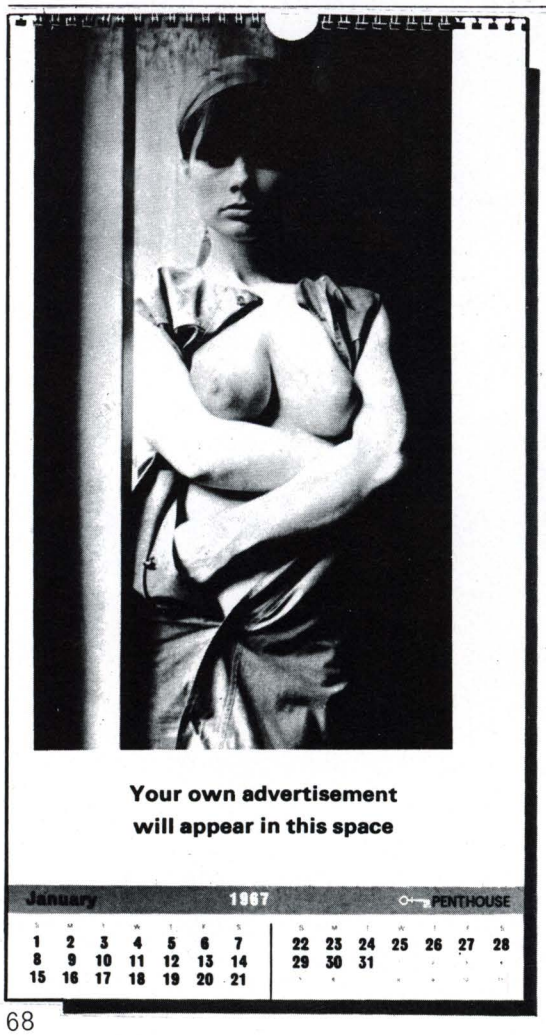
Penthouse: Is the present struggle in Vietnam aimed primarily at getting the Americans out of Southeast Asia?

Prof. Honey: No, I think it is aimed primarily at imposing a Communist regime on South Vietnam and subsequently on Cambodia and Laos. The American presence in South Vietnam is preventing the achievement of this ambition.

Penthouse: Do you think that some kind of settlement or compromise is likely in Vietnam in the foreseeable future?

Prof. Honey: I think possibly you will get a compromise but your elbow-room is very small on this. The United States is committed to the defence of South Vietnam against external aggression and the safeguarding of the rights of the South Vietnamese to elect or appoint whatever sort of government they want, free from outside pressures. On the other hand, I don't think there is any wish, either in Washington or in Saigon, to overthrow the Communist regime in North Vietnam or to do anything about North Vietnam at all. I think here you have room for a compromise. If the North Vietnamese can keep their Communist regime intact this will, I think in the end, satisfy them, satisfy the Chinese and satisfy the Soviet Union.

Penthouse: The involvement of the United States in the Far East goes back to the turn of the century and the Spanish American War when the Americans acquired the Philippine Islands and other Pacific possessions. Do you think that withdrawal of American influence in Southeast Asia could be salutary for Asia and the rest of the world? Would it contribute to world peace?



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Prof. Honey: No, I think it would have the reverse effect. You have with the withdrawal of the old colonial regimes from Southeast Asia, created a political vacuum and a power vacuum. It will take a little time for the Southeast Asians themselves to fill it. One hopes they will eventually. Meanwhile somebody has got to stop powerful and greedy states rushing in and grabbing what they can in this vacuum. It wouldn't surprise me to see the United States physically withdraw to either the Seventh Fleet or to some bases in Okinawa or the Philippines or something like that. But I think before it can do so it must, with its allies, set up safeguards against aggression until the political vacuum is filled. Quite how it will do this I don't think one can forecast very clearly. SEATO is itself falling apart now for various political reasons but I think it will have to be replaced by something rather bigger and rather more effective. I myself would like to see the Soviet Union and even China brought into such a guarantee if that proves possible.

Penthouse: It's generally admitted that now Britain has ceased to be a major influence in the Far East. How do you see the British policy toward the American commitment there?

Prof. Honey: As an Asian power Britain has ceased to exist, but nevertheless she has certain ties remaining. We have our agreements with Malaysia to protect the Malaysians. We have an obligation which I think most people in Britain would feel very strongly to come to the help of Australia and New Zealand if they're threatened, and of course any threat from Southeast Asia is a very real thing to them. What is necessary for peace in this area is an international and effective guarantee. I think Britain should join in this.

Penthouse: Professor Honey, thank you very much.

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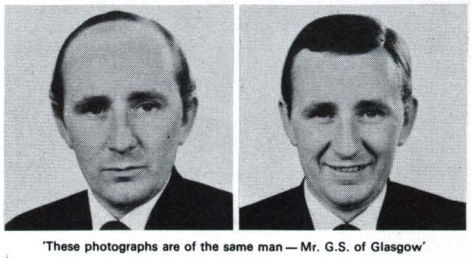

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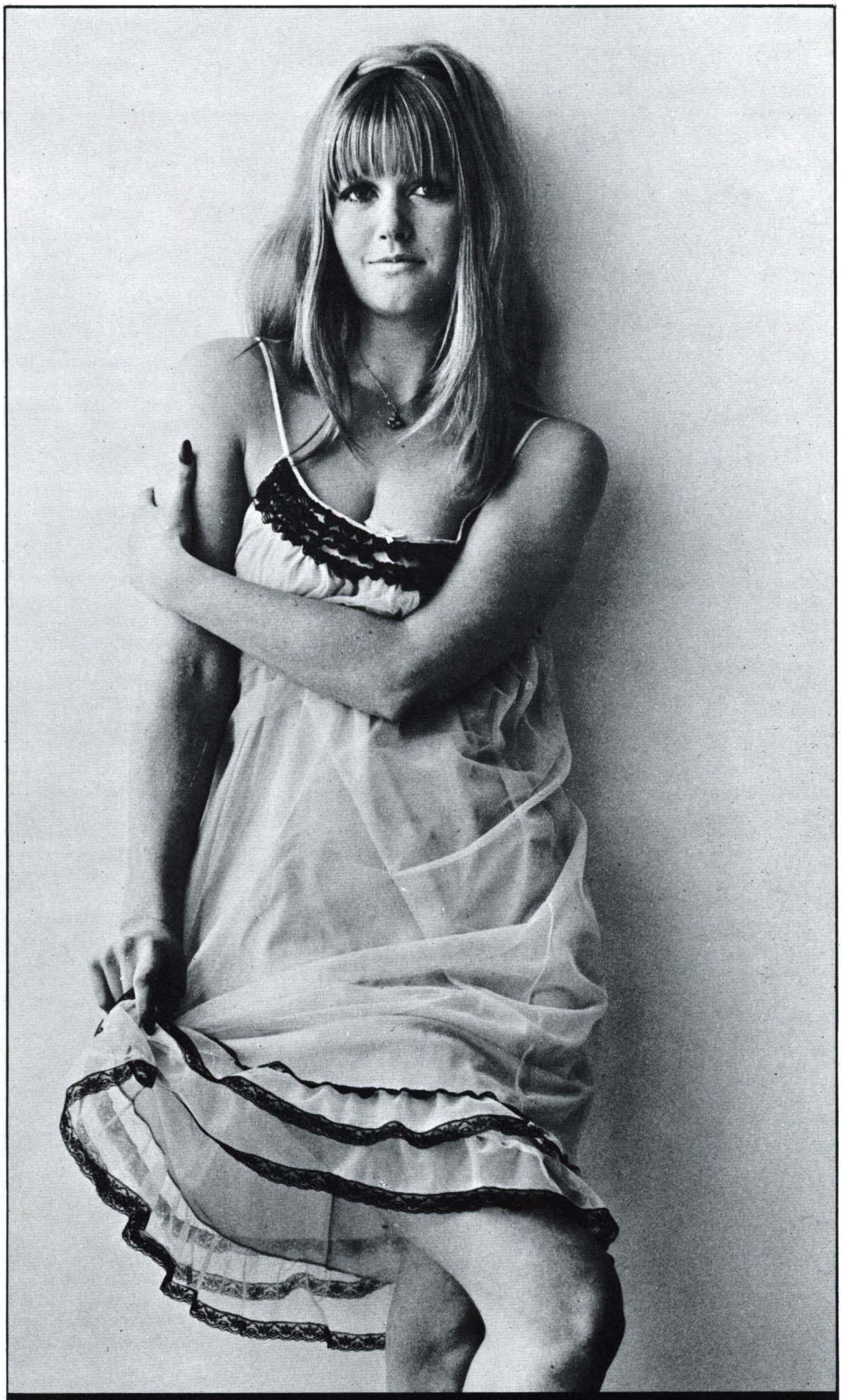

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Roger Vadim and the New Morality

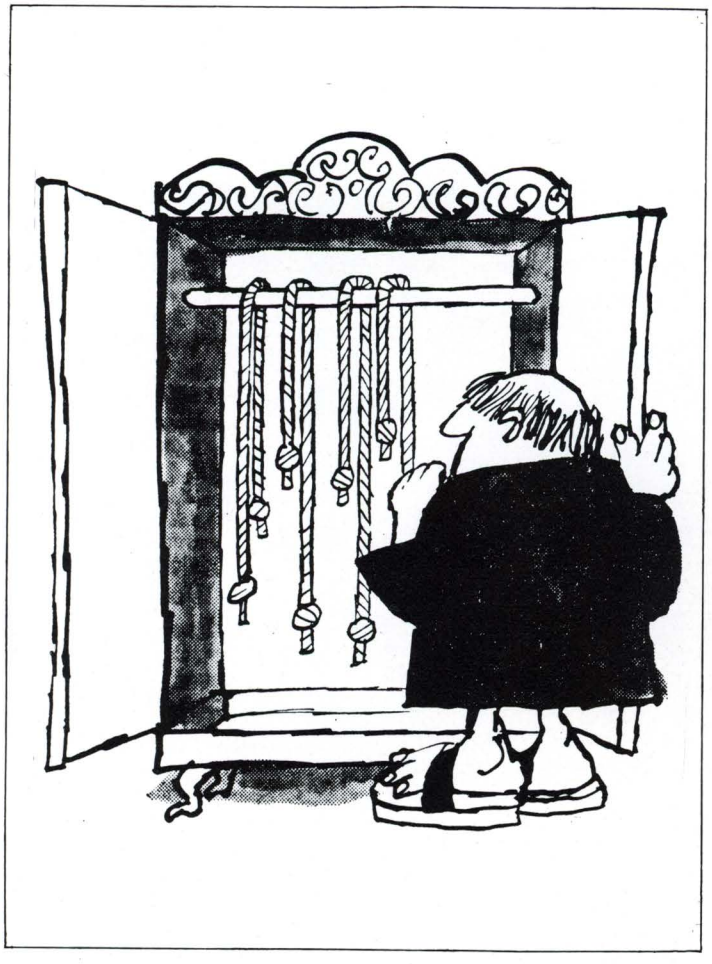
(*continued from page* 43)

me a sex maniac because all my films have been basically erotic, but do they call Alfred Hitchcock a criminal because he makes thrillers? I try to communicate at the instinct level. Naturally I seek the new and unusual. If people are shocked, it is in their minds. In my films I try to expose the hypocrisy of society and its attitude toward sex. It is unfortunate that the censor often bars me from one of my principal sources of inspiration: eroticism. I find all kinds of love beautiful and I believe that in the kind of boring, stupid life we have to put up with, love remains one of the rarest delights. And I believe that eroticism constitutes the most solid, the least contestable core of love. However, one of the problems in making erotic films is to know how far one can go; the moments of pleasure in *Ecstasy* and *Les Amants* are moments of paroxysm difficult to go beyond."

However, Vadim did his best. He went to Tahiti where he produced and acted in *L'Enfer au Paradis*, a film about a brother and sister living alone in Vadim-type innocence until their incestuous Eden is disturbed by the arrival of another man. For some reason, it has yet to be shown.

Vadim's 1961 excursion into sexual ambiguity, *To Die of Pleasure*, should have joined the Tahiti film in limbo according to many. This, even though in the words of English critic Philip Strick it is an example of "vampirical lesbianism" with its "baroque nightmares, a sensual kissing scene between Annette Stroyberg and Italian actress Elsa Martinelli, and a dream sequence which contrives to be brash, imaginative, nauseating, exciting, all in a few shots."

Vadim continued his crusade against conventional morality with *The Warrior's Rest*, written by Christiane Rochefort who is on the periphery of the Vadim clan but whose fame was made when Madame de Gaulle wouldn't let the General read the book. Despite Vadim's usual recipe of orgies, lesbian undertones, cool jazz and nudity, respected Italian critic Ugo Astolfo was moved to say: "No thinking person can explain why a country like France seriously accepts Vadim who has the culture of a platypus, the taste of a Jayne Mansfield and no talent. The film contains enough boredom to last an entire generation. How could even the most innocent viewer believe that Bardot could, as did the mousy, frigid heroine of the book, reach the age of maturity ignorant of carnal pleasures? The scenes are disconnected and silly except when Bardot appears nude. If we had to understand what it was all about from the film, we would remain ignorant for the rest of our lives."



Then in 1963 came what should have been the culmination of Vadim's career, *Vice and Virtue*, updated from two books by the man who hovers over his films like a patron saint, the 18th-century Marquis de Sade. Once asked if he felt there was a resemblance between the Marquis and himself, Vadim answered, "Why not? The Marquis was a very devoted family man and so am I."

Just how much of Vadim's professed idealism stems from his desire to be a publically-known anti-conformist is open to question. Although he may undress his wives on the screen because of artistic integrity, it surely has not escaped his trap-like mind that box-office receipts do not remain unaffected by the gratuitous display of epidermis.

Of course, he started with superb raw material even though when in 1952 he married Brigitte Bardot, she was 18, had a hesitant step, a timid voice and an uncertain expression. Her wealthy middle-class parents opposed the match until Brigitte attempted her first suicide.

Then Vadim took over. In the naïve face he instilled perversity; in the step the stance of desire, and in the nondescript voice, tones of sensuality. Her brown hair became blond, her toothy smile a provocative pout. Day after day he followed her, analysed her, changed her. "Whether I walked or undressed or ate breakfast," says Bardot today, "I always had the impression he was looking at me with someone else's eyes, with everyone's eyes. Yet I knew he was not seeing me but, through me, his dream."

Although today she tries to play down Vadim's Svengali role, friends recall how he would have her re-do a smile, a look, a movement until he caught a flicker of desire in others' eyes.

"At that time," Brigitte confesses, "I was enjoying myself, amused by what I thought were his innocent eccentricities. I didn't realize myself how much he was playing with fire and, even though he is cynical, he didn't either."

His own pattern started early. In reality Roger Vadim Plemianikov, he is the son of a Russian noble from Kiev who, having fled the Revolution, became a French citizen, then served as consul at exotic posts throughout the Middle East. His father died of a heart attack at the breakfast table when Vadim was 10, leaving a gap in his life when he perhaps most needed paternal guidance.

He then concentrated his affection on his mother who undoubtedly has had a very strong influence on him and to whom he remains extraordinarily close in a strange sort of way. Philippe Grumbach, an editor who is connected with the clan by marriage, says "When Vadim was between 10 and 12, his mother scolded him and he decided to punish her. When she had left the apartment he dressed a pillow in his own clothes and hung it by a rope from the staircase, then hid to wait his mother's return. She screamed, of course. He told me recently that he had been above all curious—he didn't really want to punish his mother but the only way he existed was through his mother's eyes, so he had to know her reaction."

Encouraged by his mother, he entered drama school in Paris. By the end of World War II he was spending most of his time in Saint-Germain des Près, a *habitué* of the squalid caves and tawdry bars that were then the temples of Left Bank solipsism. A newspaper photograph published at the time above the caption "These slovenly existentialists!" portrayed, in fact, Juliette Greco and Roger Vadim.

This was the beginning of the carefree *copain* life. Vadim himself tells of these early, irresponsible days when he and his chums managed to live for months on end without money. "We'd run across people who wanted to see the sordid side of the gay existentialist life. We'd show it to them, for meals and drinks of course. Not very moral, I guess, but," he shrugs, "they weren't either."

During this time, Vadim occasionally appeared on the stage, always in supporting roles. In 1947 he moved into films as assistant director for Marc Allegret and writing freelance on the side. Five years later he married Brigitte who, coming from a family where a franc is a franc, pushed him into taking a steady job. He became a reporter for PARIS-MATCH. The staff, an élite in the French capital's Mafia-like café society, later remembered their comrade and helped his wife to fame.

Vadim's stay with the magazine was short-lived, possibly due to the editor-owner's demand that his men have one quality above all—"a passion for living." Vadim, with too many other passions, or merely—as a disciple of non-involvement—lacking the requisite one, returned to moviemaking.

One after the other of Vadim's relationships have moved to its predictable final phase—palship, another *copain*, another wife added to the harem which surrounds the director. This particular form of non-involvement, according to one observer of the Vadim mores, began when he was 18 and had a passionate love affair with a woman eight years older. Sup-

posedly he suffered for months and decided he would never again let himself be similarly unhappy.

"I won't say love doesn't exist," he has said, "but rather it is a mirror in which one or two persons look at themselves. Or else it is a lot of small actions, usually physical and independent of the personalities concerned, which adds up to something which looks like love." However, when he met Jane Fonda he played a new variation on his usual theme. "I am interested in the girl who takes her freedom and expresses it in the way that comes naturally to her—in her relations with men. When you have an affair with a very young girl, you are altogether her father, older brother, her tutor. This brings you very heavy obligations. But with someone who already has her life, her career, in other words with a grown-up person, (Jane is 28) the burdens are equal."

This seemed to be borne out by Jane's rather forthright statement in public, "I believe in free love and illegitimate children. What I fear in marriage is to be possessed by someone." Despite this pronunciamento, she and Vadim were married in Las Vegas last August. But the couple still retained their ideas; "Marriage is science fiction," Vadim said after the ceremony, "There is no contact between the world of a man and the world of a woman." Jane agreed: "Marriage has nothing to do with love but it makes our lives simpler like when checking into hotels. Really it's just a commitment two people make when they live together and it's not necessarily the final one."

The truth is that for Vadim, as Viennese writer Alfred Polgar has said, "Many are too little, one is too much." He continually surrounds himself with his two ex-wives, with his past mistresses and his present wife, acting as agent, impresario and confidant and complaining, "I can't understand why they don't get along together peacefully."

Quite frequently during the making of a movie two or three are present, sharing him, spoiling him and although according to his policy of non-involvement he is very likely seeking safety in numbers, it's hard to avoid seeing in him something of the Master of Revels. He even furthers this by the fact that Brigitte, Annette, Catherine and Jane—when she's in Paris—all live in apartments within walking distance of each other in Paris' XVI *arrondissement*.

To be honest, there seems to be no disillusionment on the part of the girls. "Roger has wit, tremendous charm and a strange beauty," says Catherine Deneuve. "Vadim is the most marvellous human being I have ever met. He's good and generous," says Annette Stroyberg. "If I call him up at four in the morning, he'll come around at once." "He can bring out the best in an actress and a woman," says Jane Fonda.

There must be some truth in this since Jane Fonda's relationship with the French director appears to have matured her and dissolved her complexes, while before this for five years she had been a constant visitor to psychiatrists' couches.

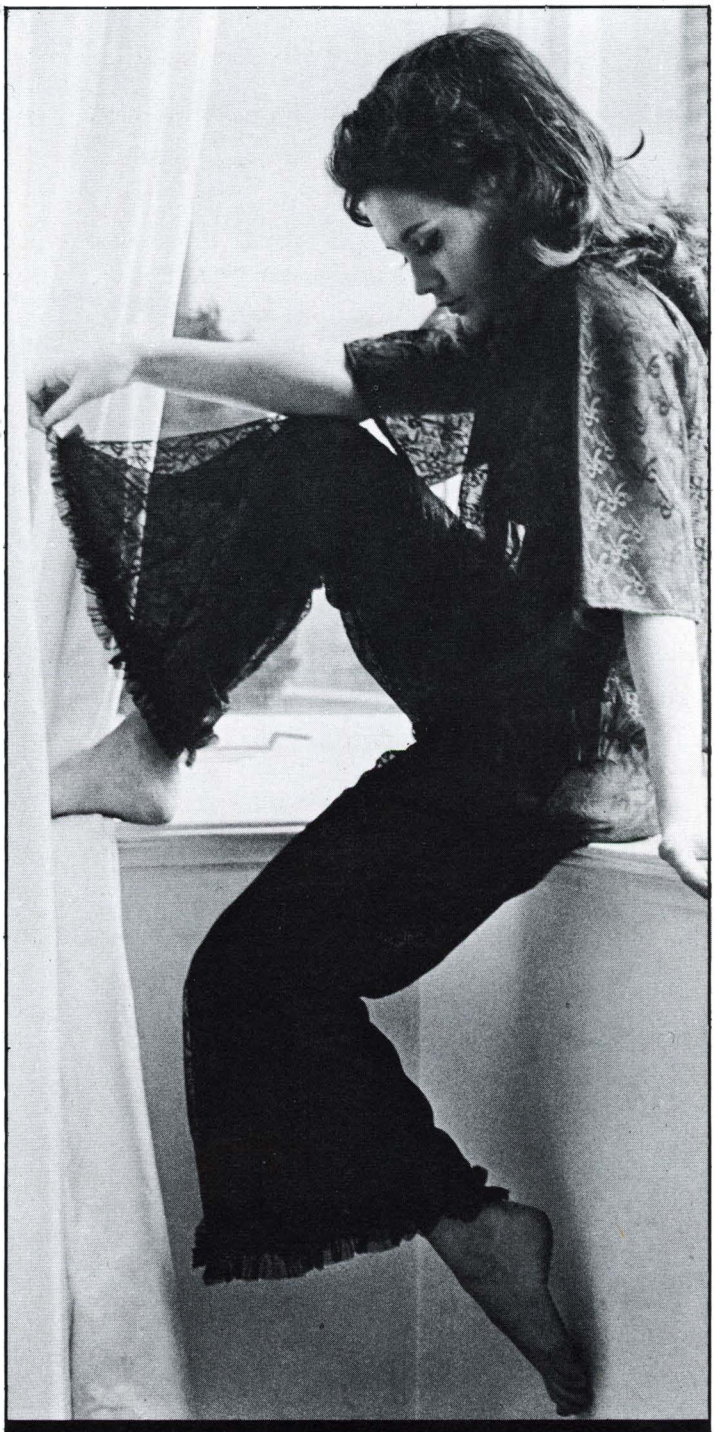
In helping his women fulfil themselves, Vadim makes it clear that the girls are being offered form rather than content. "They and I are perfectly free; they cannot count on emotional security from me." So non-involvement wins again. Everybody's free, no one's doing anything unretractable. Vadim helps them grow up, gives them a kind of hot-house maturity. And then what happens? As soon as they shed their inhibitions and step up the movie ladder, they also shed Vadim, a rejection which he accepts almost as *his* fulfilment.

So far this hasn't happened with Jane Fonda. However, one of his former wives, Annette Stroyberg, thinks that Jane is in for the inevitable conclusion. "Jane says she'll shoot herself if Vadim leaves her. I tell her to be happy—enjoy it till it comes to an end."

At times it seems as though Vadim hurries fate along. In his latest film, an updating of Zola's *La Curée*, he has Jane carrying out a tempestuous love scene with English actor Peter MacHenry which strikingly recalls Brigitte's with Jean Louis Trintignant. With this Vadim intends showing a new Jane Fonda, no longer a product of Hollywood but entirely remade by him, the latest in his series of creations. It's the mixture as before and if it follows the pattern Vadim will be right back where he started.

But before this sad picture brings tears, it might be well to note the recent remark of writer Yves Salgues: "Vadim is the official representative of the new romanticism, the '*mal du siècle*' from which incidentally he suffers with delicious pleasure." It's also surprising to see how easily and quickly Vadim each time picks up the broken pieces of his life and resumes previous patterns.

For Vadim love is an illusion, sometimes as necessary as the real thing, sometimes even more concrete. For him, this philosophy is the new morality, the way of the future. "If I destroy love as people say, it is because my ideas are 50 years ahead of my time. I deny only that love as conceived by people, by literature and morality is a natural form of relationship between men and women. I think that the traditional conception of love has been forged completely by western and Christian civilization, but that it is not a realistic part of human nature as is fear, hunger, thirst, hope and desire."



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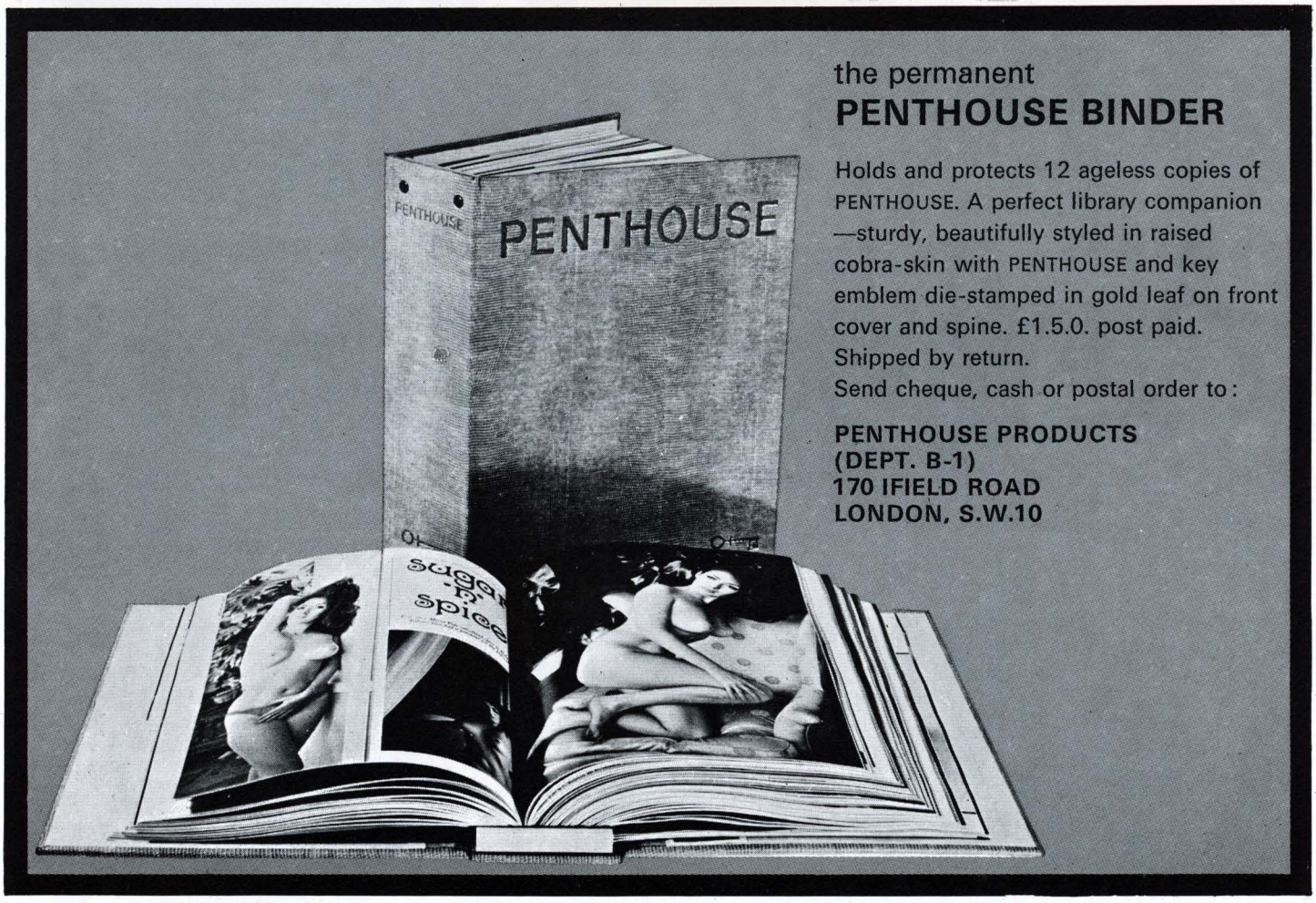

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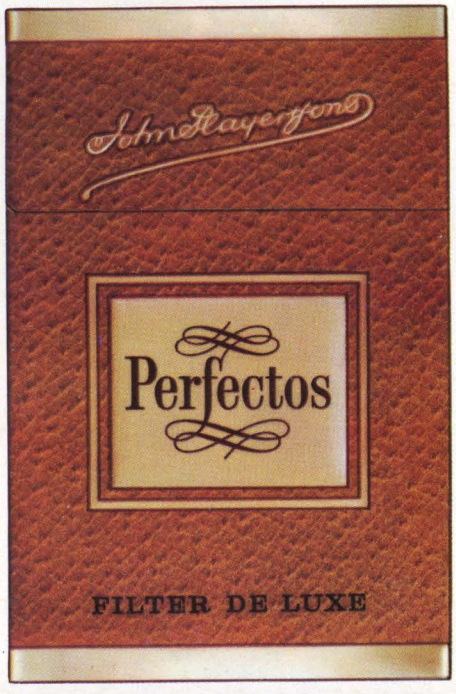

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